THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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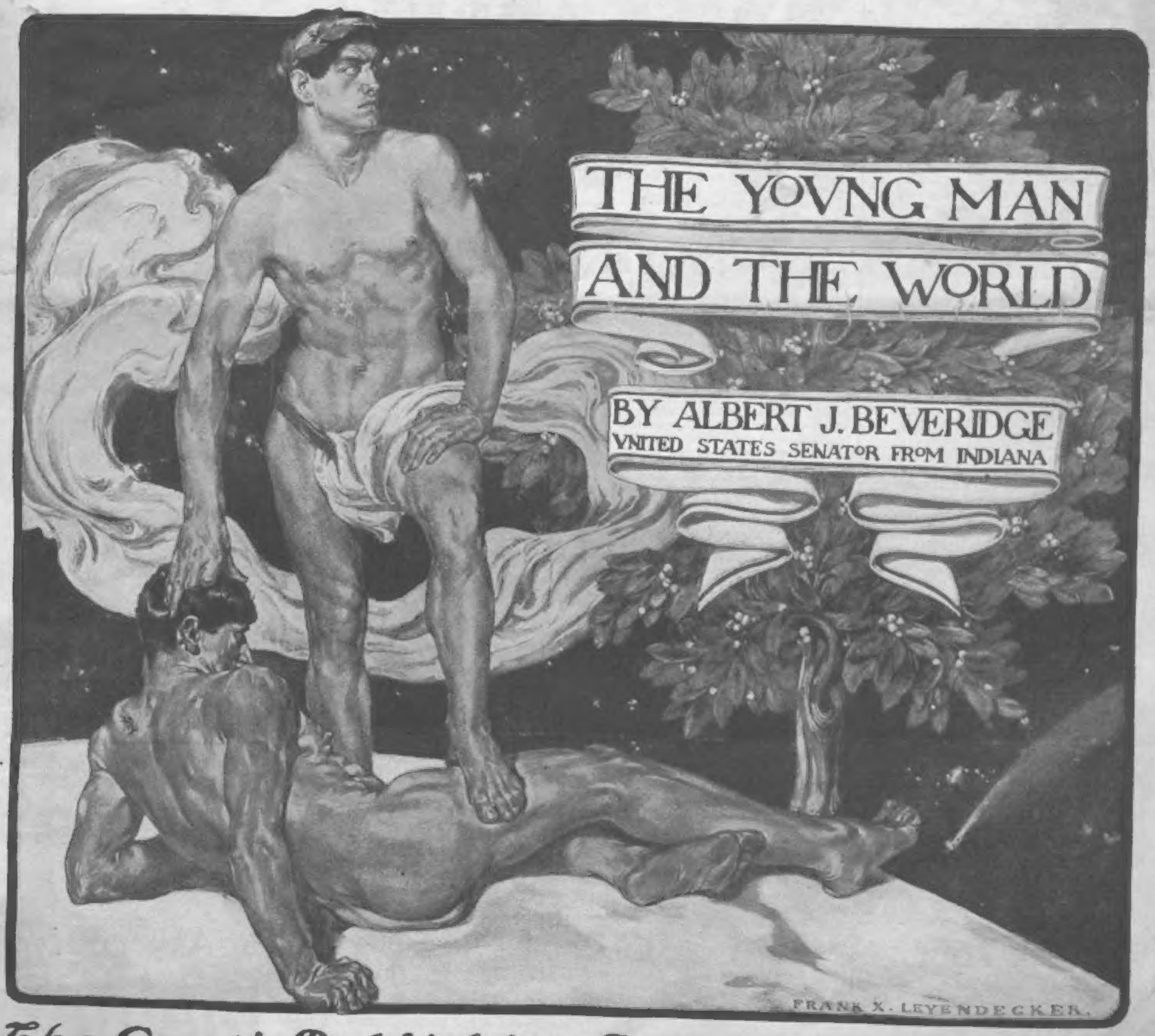

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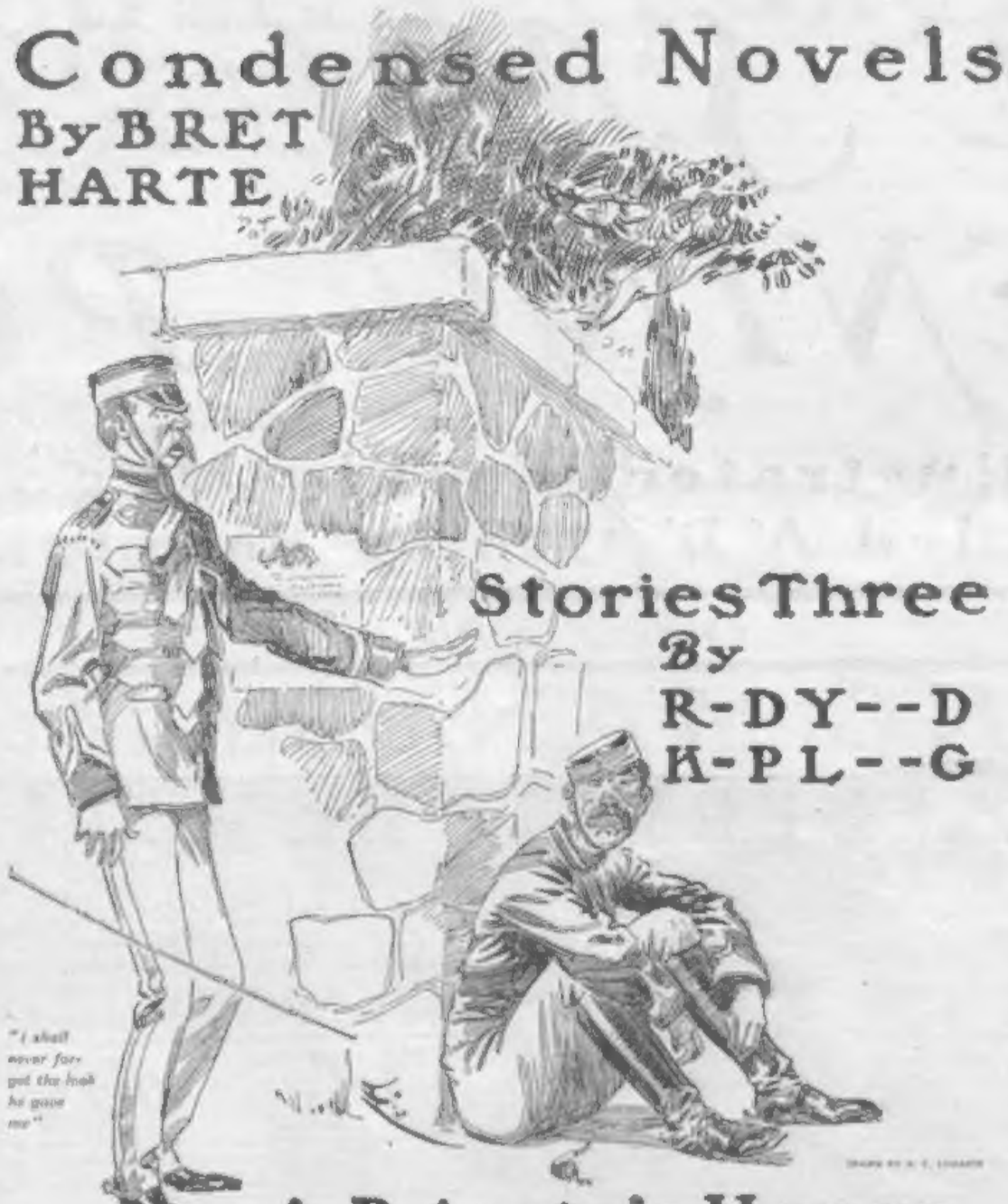

"I shall never forget the look he gave me"

Stories Three By R-DY--D K-PL--G

A Private's Honor

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I HAD not seen Mulledwiney for several days. Knowing the man—this looked bad. So I dropped in on the Colonel. I found him in deep thought. This looked bad, too, for old Cockey Wax—as he was known to everybody in the Hill districts but himself—wasn't given to thinking. I guessed the cause and told him so.

"Yes," he said wearily, "you are right! It's the old story; Mulledwiney, Bleareyed and Otherwise are at it again. Drink followed by Clink. Even now two corporals and a private are sitting on Mulledwiney's head to keep him quiet, and Bleareyed is chained to an elephant."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you are unnecessarily severe."

"*Do* you really think so? Thank you *so* much! I am always glad to have a civilian's opinion on military matters—and *vice versa*—it broadens one so! And yet—am I severe? I am willing, for instance, to overlook their raid upon a native village, and the ransom they demanded for a native inspector! I have overlooked their taking the horses out of my carriage for their own use. I am content also to believe that my fowls meekly succumb to jungle fever and cholera. But there are some things I cannot ignore. The carrying off of the great god Vishnu from the Sacred Shrine at Ducidbad by The Three for the sake of the priceless opals in its eyes——"

"But I never heard of *that*," I interrupted eagerly. "Tell me."

"Ah!" said the Colonel playfully, "that—as you so often, and so amusingly say—is 'Another Story!' Yet I would have overlooked the theft of the opals—if they had not substituted two of the Queen's regimental buttons for the eyes of the god. This, while it did not deceive the ignorant priests, had a deep political and racial significance. You are aware, of course, that the Great Mutiny was occasioned by the issue of cartridges to the native troops greased with hog's fat—forbidden by their religion."

"But these three men could themselves alone quell a mutiny," I replied.

The Colonel grasped my hand warmly. "Thank you. So they could. I never thought of that." He looked relieved. For all that, he presently passed his hand over his forehead and nervously chewed his cheroot.

"There is something else," I said.

"You are right. There is. It is a secret. Promise me it shall go no further—than the Press? Nay, swear that you will *keep* it for the Press!"

"I promise."

"Thank you *so* much. It is a matter of my own and Mulledwiney's. The fact is, we have had a *personal* difficulty." He paused, glanced around him and continued in a low, agitated voice: "Yesterday I came upon him as he was sitting leaning against the barrack wall. In a spirit of playfulness—mere playfulness, I assure you, sir—I poked him lightly in the shoulder with my stick, saying 'Boo!' He turned—and I shall never forget the look he gave me."

"Good Heavens!" I gasped, "you touched—absolutely *touched*—Mulledwiney?"

"Yes," he said hurriedly, "I knew what you would say; it was against the Queen's Regulations—and—there was his sensitive nature which shrinks from even a harsh word; but I did it, and of course he has me in his power."

"And you have touched him?" I repeated—"touched his Private Honor!"

"Yes! But I shall atone for it! I have already arranged with him that we shall have it out between ourselves alone, in the jungle, stripped to the buff, with our fists—Queensberry Rules! I haven't fought since I stood up against Spinks Major—you remember old Spinks, now of the Bombay Offensibles?—at Eton." And the old boy pluckily bared his skinny arm.

"It may be serious," I said.

"I have thought of that. I have a wife, several children and an aged parent in England. If I fall, they must never know. You must invent a story for them. I have thought of cholera, but that is played out; you know we have already tried it on The Boy who was Thrown Away. Invent something quiet, peaceable and respectable—as far removed from fighting as possible. What do you say to Measles?"

"Not half bad," I returned.

"Measles let it be, then! Say I caught it from Wee Willie Winkie. You do not think it too incredible?" he added timidly.

"Not more than *your* story," I said.

He grasped my hand, struggling violently with his emotion. Then he struggled with me—and I left hurriedly. Poor old boy! The funeral was well attended, however, and no one knew the truth, not even myself.

Editor's Note—This is the second story in the initial series of Bret Harte's Condensed Novels. For Similar Reasons will appear next week.

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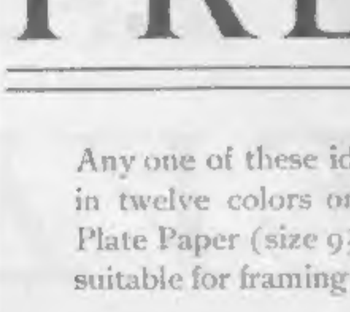
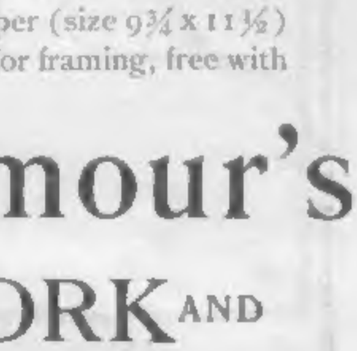


Baby Has Gone to Napland.



Our Baby's First Tooth.

Sweetest Little Baby of the Lot.

Our Pretty Polly Primrose.

A Rogue in Wide Awake Land.

Ask Your

Dealer.

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The YOUNG MAN and the WORLD

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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THE Editor will bear witness to the reluctance with which I was brought to write upon The Young Man and the World. Advice is so entirely futile that the giver of advice is (very properly, as I think) considered quite superfluous. I have observed that most advice is merely a repetition, in a diluted form, of the suggestions and commands of that matchless book, the Bible. And the young man who cannot find in its pages sufficient rules for even his daily business experience will not be profited by anything which any modern can say. And so this paper must start out with an apology; and that itself suggests a rule of daily conduct followed by one of the most successful men I ever knew. That rule is, never to apologize, never to explain. If what you do is right, time will demonstrate it and vindicate you; if what you do is wrong, explanation and apology make it worse, and even absurd. I think there is nothing which will more conserve the nervous forces of any serious-minded young man than this rule—nothing which will give him so much of that composure of mind and necessary concentration of powers as the resolution to do his best, and let it go at that, whether the world applaud or laugh or rage. Be true to your deed whatever it may have been, and if the deed itself was true, the end must necessarily be satisfactory.

How a Young Man Should Find Himself

The Editor said to me, "Supposing a young man has just graduated from college or, without that, is just confronting the world—what shall he do?" First, let him learn his limitations; let him take time enough to think out just what he *cannot* do. This process of elimination will soon reduce life's possibilities for him to a few things. Of these things let him select the one which is nearest to him and, having selected it, let him put all other loves from him. It is a business maxim in my profession that "Law is a jealous mistress." It is very true, but it is not more true of the law than it is that every other calling in life is a jealous mistress.

By finding out one's limitations is not meant, of course, what society will permit you to do, or what men will permit you to do, but what Nature will permit you to do. You have no other master than Nature. Nature's limitations only are the bounds of your success. So far as your success is concerned, no man, no set of men, no society, not even all the world of humanity, is your master; but Nature is. "*Poëta nascitur, non fit*" is just as applicable to lawyers and mechanics and engineers as to poets. More failures, more unhappiness has been caused by the old idea that a man may make himself what he will, than by any single half-truth that has crept into our common speech and belief. A man may make himself what he will within the limitations Nature has set about him.

Having found out what one can do, let a man put himself to it and do it with all his might. Here we come back to the Bible again in spite of ourselves. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And keep on doing it—persist—persist—persist. And here we are back to the Bible again. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Do not fear failure. Do not fear hard knocks. It is no sign that you will not finally win the battle. Indeed, ability to endure in silence is one of the best evidences that you will finally win.

Charles A. Dana is rightly considered to have been one of the greatest editors the world has produced. I have heard a story that he liked to read the accounts of prize-fights. At least he knew that the general public likes to read of these encounters of sheer force and endurance, and he was a pioneer in publishing in his paper exhaustive, accurate and picturesque descriptions of them. No doubt this—the public's fondness for accounts of prize-fights—is because the physical in us reacts from the high artificiality of our ordinary lives; but also it may be that we find unconscious instruction in them and go to our task next day with the same dogged will displayed by the winner of the contest. You will observe that nine times out of ten the man who wins the fight usually suffers terrible punishment in the beginning. The point is that he smiles and is ready at the next round. It was as good a thing as Carlyle ever said that was uttered to me one day by a man of sport. Said he, "A man who cannot stand a jolt on the jaw had better not get inside the ropes."

One day I was in one of the departments at Washington. An unjust, untruthful, infamous attack had been made by political enemies upon the head of the department. There was much indignation and excitement among the department officials. I could not help repeating the maxim of the man of sport that if they "could not stand a jolt in the jaw they had better not come inside the ropes." The head of the department I found as serene as the sleeping sea—and as powerful, too, as that sea is when either he or it is aroused. That is how he happened to be the *head* of the department.

Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend

Pay no attention to criticism; but seek, as for gold and precious stones, the chastening advice of friends. Do not be offended if your friends say an unpleasant thing to you. And here we are at the Bible again: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." It is these constant recurrences of what those wise old Hebrews said that make one feel that he is committing a superfluity when he attempts to say anything along the line of practical advice, since anything that any man can say is nothing more than a very weak dilution of the concentrated thought of the most acute minds of the greatest business people, the most successful material people who ever lived, the ancient and the mysterious and the persistent Jews. Though you must not fear criticism, do not disregard it. You may find many a suggestion in it, and thus your enemy will become your counselor.

And applause! Fly from the desire for it as from pestilence. It will weaken you infinitely. And to a strong man achievement is the only applause of value—the making of his point.

Many years ago I heard this story of Bismarck. If it is not true it ought to be. And if it is not true specifically it is true abstractly. He had just returned from one of his great diplomatic victories at the beginning of his career; great crowds had assembled in the plaza beneath his window in Berlin, cheering and madly calling for a speech. Bismarck heard it all, but smoked and drank his beer, and gave no sign. His secretary rushed in with excitement and said, "You must go out and acknowledge the applause of the people, and make a speech."

"And why?" said Bismarck. "Why do they want me to speak; why are they applauding me?"

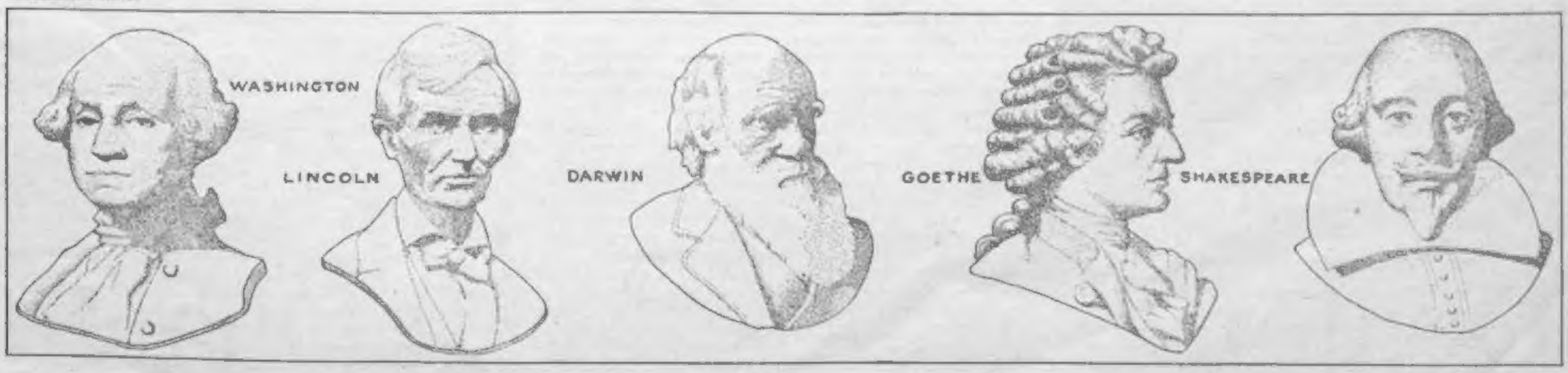
"Because of your great success in your negotiations," said the secretary.

"Humph," said Bismarck; "suppose I had failed?" and turned back to his smoking and his beer.

Why Listening is Often Better than Reading

I have quoted the Bible so frequently, as one must do in a paper like this, that it suggests remarks upon one of the great influences of life—the influence of books. Like every other power this is as dangerous as it is beneficent. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, who is one of America's greatest men, and who is always saying great things, remarked one day that a man should spend every spare moment reading instructive books. He maintains that the knowledge thus acquired is a reservoir of mental power from which one can instantly draw when required an intellectual surplus; and that the demands and opportunities of life are sudden.

Nevertheless, I do not know that I can agree with this view of incessant reading. It is the opinion which I held for many years, but I now feel that it is a tonic which should be indulged in sparingly. I have come to the conclusion that another method is better for equipping your arsenal. Reading is, at best, but second-hand information and inspiration. It is not the number of books a man has read that makes him available in the world of business. What the world wants is power; how to get that is the question. Books are one source of power; but, necessarily, books are artificial. That is why we cannot dispense with teachers in our schools, professors in our colleges, preachers in our pulpits, orators on the political platform. There is no real way of teaching but by word of mouth. There is no real instruction but experience. You see that the German universities have come back to the lecture method exclusively—or did they ever depart from it? And they know what they are



about—those profound old German scholars. They have created scientific scholarship. They have made what we once thought history absurd and have rewritten the story of the world. But all this is *obiter dicta*. The point is that they know the value of books as a source of power and learning, and they know their limitations, too. So does the public. Public speaking will never decline. It is Nature's method of instruction. You will listen with profit to a speech which you cannot drive your mind to read.

It would seem, therefore, that the largest wisdom dictated great conservatism in mere reading. Mingle, also, with the people. I mean the common people; talk with them. Do not talk to them, but talk with them, and get them to talk with you. If any man will make an inventory of the fresh vital thoughts, of the keen, living, idiomatic expressions which he will gather up from listening to an hour's conversation with workmen who have been building a house or repairing a railroad or harvesting wheat, as they eat their midday meal, and will then make an inventory of the same thing after an equal time of reading, he will be amazed to find the quantity and quality of rich and productive ideas and expressions which he has acquired in the former manner, and the dry and unproductive material he has gathered in the latter way.

Who, that has had the experience, would exchange the wit and wisdom of the "hands" at the "threshings," during the half hour of rest after eating, for the studied smartness of the salon or even the conversation of the learned? But think not to get this by going out to them and saying, "Talk up now." The farm hand, the railroad laborer, the workingman of every kind does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Mingle with the people, therefore. Be one of them. Who are you that you should not be one of them? Who is any one that he should not be one of the people? Their common thought is necessarily higher and better than the thought of any man, no matter if he is a genius. This is almost a mathematical truth. And the people, too, are young, eternally young. They are the source of all power, not politically speaking now, but ethnically, even commercially, speaking. Spend some time with Nature, too. The people and Nature—they alone are worth while—they alone contain the elemental forces. They alone are unartificial, unexhausted. You will be surprised at the strength you will get from a day in the woods. I do not mean physical strength alone, but mental vigor and spiritual insight. The old fable of Antæus, I think, is so true that it is almost literally true. Every time he touched the earth when thrown, that common mother of us all gave him new strength; and, rising, he came to the combat as fresh as when it began.

The Persian Tentmaker's Philosophy

There is nothing so important for a young man, especially a young American, as to resolve not to exhaust himself nervously and physically. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; and, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings," you will say to me. Yes; but I will answer in the language of Ecclesiastes, "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

Take stated vacations. I should advise every young man, who expects to run a long race, to resolve, after he has gotten himself established, that he will take two months' period of absolute vacation every year. Let him make this a part of his business just as he makes sleeping a part of his business every day. What matter if another lawyer gets the case that would have come to you, or another real estate dealer secures the corner lot on which you have had your eye, or another operator makes the profitable deal which would have given you fame and fortune! You have secured and preserved that which they most probably have lost. *You* have made an investment in Youth. You have purchased power. You have taken stock in length of years. You have equipped yourself with new nerves, a rested heart, a refreshed brain, a hearty stomach, and a sane mind in a sound body. And you have done more than all this: you have restored your perspective; you have corrected your vision so that you see things in their own proportion. One reason why men waste energy so prodigally is because their intense pursuit of their business makes them lose all sense of the proportion of things. The thing which is not of much consequence appears, to their distorted vision, of immense importance; and as much energy is wasted on a trifle as should be expended on great affairs. This process keeps up until really first-class men are reduced to very small men.

Let a man each year go to the everlasting mountains, go to the solitudes of the ancient forest, go to the eternal ocean with its manifestation of power and repose. Let him sit by its solemn shore listening to it sing that song, which for a million years before our civilization was thought of it had been singing, and which for a million years after our civilization has become merely a line in history it will continue to sing, and he will realize how unimportant are the things which, only a few weeks before, seemed to him of such vast moment. Perhaps the lines of the old Persian astronomer will come to him:

> "And fear not lest Existence, closing your
> Account and mine, should know the like no more;
> The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has pour'd
> Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour";
>
> Or,
>
> "When You and I behind the Veil are past,
> Oh! But the long, long while the World shall last,
> Which, of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast."

And then you will come back to your work and see things in their proper proportions. You will expend your energy on things that deserve it, and you will smile at the things that do not deserve your attention, and pass them by. You will substitute duty for ambition, and you will go your way with sanity for perhaps ten months. And then you will need again the elemental lesson of the forest, the mountain or the sea.

Four Books that Never Grow Stale

Of course, books must be read. If you are a professional man they must be more than read; they must be studied, absorbed, made a part of your intellectual being. I am not despising the accumulated learning of the past. Matthew Arnold, in his Literature and Dogma, quite makes this point, I think. What I am speaking of is miscellaneous reading. After a while one wearies of the endless repetition, the "damnable iteration" contained in the great mass of books. You will finally come to care for nothing but the Bible, Shakespeare, the Rubáiyát and Burns. All others are "twice-told tales" indeed.

Of course, one must read the great scientific productions. They are an addition to positive knowledge, and are a thing quite apart from ordinary literature. Our scientific books are the only literature worth while that is being produced at present; they are the only creative literature.

Include in your daily prayers the supplication to be delivered from the analytic, the critical in your mental tendency and habit. Nothing is worth while for the full-grown man but the synthetic, the constructive. Not that we do not need scavengers and scourgers and destroyers; but he is unfortunate to whom Nature has appointed such a task of disintegration. "It is impossible but that offenses will come; but woe unto him through whom they come." You see how impossible it is to get away from the shrewd old Hebrews. My recommendation of the Bible, in this paper, is not on account of its spiritual or religious influences at all. I am advising it from the material and even the business viewpoint. By far the shrewdest practical wisdom contained in literature is in the Bible, and put in terms so apt and so condensed, too, that their very brevity proves their inspiration—is an inspiration to you. I carry the Bible with me as a matter of literary relaxation. The tellers of the Bible stories tell the stories and stop. "He builded him a city"—"He smote the Philistines"—"He took her to his mother's tent"—you are not wearied to death by the details. Go into any audience, addressed by a public speaker, and you will perceive that his hearers' interest depends on whether he is getting to the point. "Well, why doesn't he get to the point," is the common expression in public assemblages. The Bible "gets to the point." And it has something for everybody. If you are a politician, or even a statesman, no matter how shrewd you are, you can read with profit several times a year the career of David, the cleverest politician and one of the greatest statesmen who ever lived. If you are a business man, the proverbs of Solomon will tone you up like mountain air. If you are a woman, read Ruth. A man of practical life, a great man, but purely a man of the world, once said to me: "If I could enact one statute for all the young women of America, it would be that each of them should read the book of Ruth once a month." But the limits of this paper do not permit a dissertation on the Bible. Shakespeare, of course, you cannot get along without. And the Rubáiyát. A convenient pocket edition of these immortal quatrains ought to be carried in the pocket of every man who meets emergencies. It supplies serenity. MacMonnies, the greatest sculptor in the world, and one of the most brilliant conversationalists—(how proud we are that he is an American)—once said to me:

"I have learned to do my best, and then, if the whole universe collapses, sit down on the curbstone and laugh at the absurd finale."

That is what Omar Khayyám does for you. Read him and you will do your duty regardless of consequences. The disciple of the tentmaker cannot possibly lose his perspective, his sense of the proportion of things. One reads a single verse—the corrective has done the work, and one no longer regards to-day as eternity, no longer looks at the world and the universe from himself as a centre. Let a man do his duty, let him have the courage of his thought, and do his deed, and walk off with the old fatalist's verses soothing his soul and brain, and let the disturbed ones clamor. The clamor will cease in time and turn to applause. And whether it does or not is a matter of absolutely no importance if you have done right. Burns, of course, we must keep reading. We must have him to keep the milk of human kindness flowing in our veins, to keep sweet and sincere and loving. Put your Bible, your Shakespeare, your Rubáiyát and your Burns in your bundle when you go for a journey, and you are intellectually and spiritually equipped.

Sincerity the Keystone of Character

Let a man have the courage of his thought—I repeat it. Courage is where we fail, not intellect. We hear much about intellect, about "brains," as the rather coarse expression is. It is not that which is needed; it is courage. Enter into conversation the next time you are at the club or in a hotel or restaurant, or wherever you meet men in intellectual hospitality, on almost any subject you may choose, you will be amazed at the information, the original thought, the keen analysis, even the constructive ideas of most of the men there. One of the most fertile minds I have ever known is nothing but an unsuccessful lawyer in a country town; yet his intellect is as tropical and as accurate, too, as was Napoleon's or Gould's. How is it that all these people do not achieve the successes to which their mere thinking entitles them? I say to which their thinking has entitled them, because if you will put them beside the great masters of affairs you will find that they have as many ideas as have these captains of business. My young friend, it is simply because they have not courage and constancy. Long ago I catalogued the qualities that make up character in relative importance, as follows:

First: Sincerity; fidelity, the ability to be true—true to friends, true to ideas, true to ideals, true to the truth, true to your task. Who shall deny that the martyrs Nero burned did not experience joys in the consuming flame more delicate and sweet than ever thrilled epicure or lover?

Second (and well-nigh first): Courage—the godlike quality that dreads not; the unanalyzable thing in man that makes him execute his conception, no matter how insane or absurd it may appear to others, if it appears rational to him, and then stride ahead to his next great deed, regardless of the gossips.

Third: Reserve; the power to hold one's forces in check, as a general disposes his army in an engagement on which the fate of an empire or of the world may depend. This power of reserve involves silence. Talk all you please, but keep your large conceptions to yourself till the hour to strike arrives, and then strike with all your might. Play your game like a lord. In politics they call some men "rubber shoes"; such men continue long, but they never achieve highly. Do not try to cultivate this quality if Nature has been so kind as not to endow you with it. It is not a masterful quality. Have the courage not only of your convictions—that is not so hard—but have the courage of your conceptions. The man will never have a destiny worth considering who is not willing to put it to the touch. Reserve, also, includes the power to wait; and that is almost as crucial a test of greatness as courage itself. Many a battle has been lost by over-eagerness. There was the greatness of Fate itself in the order of the American officer of the Revolution who said, "Wait, men, until you see the whites of their eyes." Time is undoubtedly a man's greatest ally. That is why Youth holds the whip-hand of the world. That is why Youth can afford to dare. It is also why age does not dare to dare. With Youth, to-morrow is merely an accession of power; but with age—Ah, well! with age, as Omar says,

> "To-morrow I may be
> Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years."

Fourth: The fourth great quality in character, the lowest one in the list, is Intellect. Not that it is not so valuable as the others, but it is so abundant and, without the others, so useless. What is it we hear the strong-handed Philistines say in the market-place? "Brains are cheap"; that is what we hear them say. And they say truly. Many years ago I became acquainted with one of the great millionaires of America, who has become such by building things, by raising cattle, by erecting factories, and not by the shuffling the cards of trade. His grammar is defective, but his elemental vitality will do you as much good as a walk in the fresh air after the poisoned and steaming atmosphere of a crowded room. "How have I succeeded?" said he in answer to a question one day. "Oh, by just having the nerve to decide upon a plan, and then by hiring these brainy fellows to do my work. I can get the services of the ablest lawyer in this city for a mere fragment of a crumb of what I realize from his thought and industry. The secret of success? Why, sir, it is will, that is all—will, nerve, 'sand.'"

Working with Hot Ideas

Let me enlarge on the first great quality of character. Sincerity, truthfulness—write them on the tablets of your heart; get them into your blood. This is something that you can cultivate. One of the keen lawyers of my town whom we elected as Judge of our court, and who is full of the fresh and vital wisdom of the people, said this one day: "A man can cultivate honesty—there is no doubt about that; but a man who is born honest has a great advantage." So that if you have any taint of the blood which you discover inclines you toward guile, insincerity and untruthfulness, fortify yourself by the reflection that insincerity is a losing game. Put it on the low ground of self-interest, and be truthful, be "square," as our expressive political term has it. The old saying that "honesty is the best policy" has lost its original force by much repetition. And it does not go far enough either. I am speaking of more than mere mercantile honesty; I am speaking of political sincerity, of intellectual sincerity. As a practical matter, *never* attempt to fool anybody. We have lived at such a rate of speed, our perceptions have become so abnormally sensitive and acute, that it is utterly impossible to deceive any one; and he who attempts it is the only one deceived. If, then, a man can mount upon this humble stepping-stone of low personal interest to sincerity for the sake of his own advantage, he will, after a while, be able to climb higher to the exalted place of truthfulness for the sake of truth; and then he will behold the beatitudes of righteous living and experience the joys which putting one's self in harmony with the order of the universe and the on-going of events never fails to bring. As a great scientist puts it, "Establish your polarity, young man, and sleep soundly at nights."

A great manufacturer of this country, really one of the Napoleons of creative business, said to me one day in explaining his own success: "I never let my idea get cold. That, I think, is why I have succeeded. When a great business deal came to my mind, I did not waste my energy inquiring about whether I could do it. I did not waste time and strength regretting that I was not stronger. I did not destroy my force by doubting my own conception. I went at it. I *did* it. I spent all my energy on execution after I had once conceived it. Did I not make mistakes following such a plan? Why, of course I made mistakes; and God protect me from the man who never made a mistake! But, acting by that method alone is the way I achieved all my triumphs. I do not pursue that course now, because I am getting old, and I am in very poor health. Age and ill health make me doubt; so I have not made any great business success for several years. I should say that the reason why so many men, who are really capable intellectually, fail is because they are infidels to their own thought—traitors to their own conception. If I could concentrate all the advice of my life into one thing, it would be for these young men who expect to do something constructive to have faith in their own idea, and act upon it before it gets cold. There is a tremendous force in the enthusiasm of your freshly formed plan. You have

contributed largely to the defeat of your scheme when you have permitted yourself to doubt it.

It was only the other day that the newspapers were full of an extraordinary achievement of one of the great American magicians of business; and the papers said that the remarkable thing about it was that the plan flashed upon him in a single evening, as he was leaving for a long vacation. He acted upon it instantly, and consecrated his fortune, reputation, almost life, to its consummation. He succeeded. If he had taken six months to have thought over it his conception would have been abandoned.

Don't Think that You are a Genius

While this man's plan came on him in a night, a study of his life shows that, unconsciously to himself, it had been growing for a long series of years. It flowered out all at once, like the night-blooming cereus. Cæsar decided to cross the Rubicon on the instant? Yes, but we cannot doubt that this imperial resolution had been formed the day when in the Forum, as Macaulay describes it, Cæsar said that the future Dictator of Rome might be Pompey, or Crassus, or still somebody else whom nobody was thinking of—that somebody else being himself. And, indeed, Cæsar would at that time have been the last that any Roman would have selected as the master of the world. He was young. He was small. He seemed almost frail. He was an unspeakable egotist. He was fastidious in his dress. I have read that he even used perfumes. And how could the common eye discern, through all of these externals of frippery, the lion heart, the eagle's power of vision, and the mind of conquest and empire?

There is a very great danger in the examples just cited. These men were geniuses, and they are not to be imitated except as their methods may be applicable to the common man. This paper is for people like ourselves. There *are* geniuses; but their high-wrought lives, tornado activity and methods of the lightning are not for us. All the world's great leaders, whether in the fields of thought or action, whether in the council chamber of the statesman, on the battlefield of the warrior, in the study of the writer or in the laboratory of the scientist—all have been men of genius. No mediocre man ever was a great leader in the historic sense. With our habit of looking at to-day as though it were eternity, we consider men "leaders" and use the adjectives "great," "splendid," etc., as applied to them, when historically these men will hardly be discernible. But all the figures large enough to fill history's perspective always have been and always will be geniuses—men in whom the energy, the thought, the imagination, the power of hundreds of men are concentrated. Let us not deceive ourselves and reap misery and disappointment by thinking that we can, by any effort, equal them. Alexander, Cæsar, Richelieu, Napoleon, Bismarck, Washington, Lincoln, Darwin, Goethe, Shakespeare, Rhodes, Ito, Diaz, Peter the Great! We cannot explain these phenomena of human intellect and character except by the word genius. All our toil and patience and everything cannot seat us in the high places of these princes of Nature. But they never knew that they were geniuses themselves. They would have known it undoubtedly if they had stopped to think about it, but they were too busy with their task. A genius never thinks about his powers any more than an eagle is concerned about the method of his royal flight from the mountain crag. But for us, of the great common mass of men, only those methods of genius are applicable which are within our reach. Mostly for us is the slow and toilsome, the sure, if gradual, processes of patient labor and infinite pains. Do not let the thought that you are a genius abide with you for a moment. If you do, you are lost. And, also, if you do, it is the most certain evidence that you are not a genius. The beaten paths are not so far wrong, after all; and at their end is certain, even perhaps distinguished, if not startling and historic, success. And epoch makers are not needed, anyhow, until a new epoch needs to be made. Do not worry about greatness, therefore. If greatness is for you, God's call will surely come to you. And if it does not—well, the archæologists uncovered Nippur the other day, with its palaces and courts and abodes of those who were great and mighty more than 2500 years before Abraham.

The Practical Value of Unselfishness

There is just one lesson that these ancient ruins teach, and that is the nothingness of fame and that the only real things in life are love and duty. I cannot think of any blessing so great to an ardent young American as to learn at the very threshold of his career of activities that duty and affection are the only things really worth his while—the only things that pay increasing dividends and never become bankrupt. In a conversation, in which the same view of reading given in this paper was set forth, a very bright and earnest woman questioned the propriety of such advice. "For," said she, "the result of that advice is to quiet rather than excite the activities and ambitions; it is to retard rather than hasten intellectual acquisition; it is to check rather than to advance a young man's career." But, granting this to be true, the very objection is itself one of the highest merits of the advice thus criticised. For the only grave danger before capable young Americans, and, indeed, before our nation, is that of hastening too much, of sweeping on too rapidly, of straining every nerve too tensely, of living our lives too strenuously. What most of the young men of this country need is restraint, not stimulant; what this nation needs is reserve. The only serious fear I entertain for the future is that the great rapidity of our common lives will make us neurotic and decadent. I prefer a young man to be a little less scintillant than that his brilliancy should be at the expense of exhausted nerves and enfeebled vitality.

This paper is supposed to be advice which will be practically helpful to young men in their struggle with life. And so, from the low point of view of self-interest, I would advise every young man to cultivate unselfishness. Every young man should do at least one thing every day which helps somebody else, and from which he cannot possibly reap any profit and advantage. Let him do one thing every day that cannot possibly yield him any tangible reward directly or indirectly, now or ever. I know of no discipline of character equal to this. After a while a subtle change will come over your nature. You come to understand the practical value of the words of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There comes to you an acquisition of power. Your influence, by a process which escapes any human analysis, reaches out over your associates, and, in proportion to the magnitude of your character, over all humanity. A man cannot select a surer road to ruin than to have a selfish motive back of every action. To do all of your deeds, or most of them, with the thought of the advantage they will bring you will result in paralysis of character, as surely as certain drugs introduced into the nerves for a long period of time will result in physical paralysis. I do not think that there can be a more valuable suggestion made to a young man facing the world and desiring to increase his powers than to practice unselfishness.

BALLAD OF THE BROOKLYN—*By* Clinton Scollard

A SONG for the brave bark Brooklyn,
With her sinewy masts and spars,
And her Yankee Captain and Yankee crew,
Who skimmed the bounds of the ocean blue,
Ere ever the days of the triple screw,
A-flying the Stripes and Stars!

Never a gallanter ship than she
Then plowed the meads of the seas—
With her open deck and its old smooth bores!
And she made the peaks of the fair Azores,
Then sailed from the curve of those sloping shores
For the straits of Hercules.

She passed the rock where the Briton broods
Over the swirl of the surge;
And, wafted swift by the western wind,
She left the Ætnan isle behind,
And came to the land where the Sphinx glooms blind
On the desert's dismal verge.

Then she clove the waste that gaped in haste
For Israel's hosts of old;
And the wave of the Arab held her thrall,
Till at last they let her anchor fall
Where Muscat sits by its lowering wall,
And its promontory bold.

Strange were the sights that her sailors viewed
In that barbarous outland place,
But naught so haunted and held the eye—
Not the tiger-guards in the palace nigh—
As a British ship's name painted high
On the promontory's face.

For over against them everywhere—
These Yankees of cleat and spar—
Since they sought the foam from the home-land pier,
In every harbor afar or near
(Fayal, or Suez, or Tangier),
Had been signs of the British tar;

Had been signs that he lorded it o'er the seas
As though he could turn their tides;
And those valorous Yankee sailor-men
(Two in a fight were as good as ten!),
How they longed for the heartening days again
Of the staunch "Old Ironsides"!

And they marked that name through the haze and heat,
On the promontory there,
Till their aching vision was blurred and stung,
And it seemed to them like a challenge flung
Adown from the frowning steep where it hung
Through the scorching tropic air.

"To-morrow we sail!" the Captain cried,
In the murk of the middle night
A boat slipped out from the vessel's side,
And the anxious watchers ere long espied
A wavering light, like a beacon, glide
Toward the sheer cliff's beetling height.

A lurid dawn leaped out of the sea
And spattered the bay with flame;
And lo, as the snow of the sails was spread,
O'er the British ship on the grim rock's head,
With a ringing shout the sailors read
Their own brave Brooklyn's name.

So a song for the gallant Brooklyn!
And a cheer for her Yankee tars!
The same old spirit to dare and do
For the sake of the red, the white, and the blue,
Still lives in the trusty lads and true
Who sail 'neath the Stripes and Stars!

The MEANING of a MOMENT

By Ellen Mackubin

"You feel this very much," he whispered

NIGEL FARQUAHR, M. D., F. R. L.C. S., and many more curiously assorted initials, tucked his long legs into the tiny two-wheeled cart in which his friend's wife had come to the station to meet him. He lifted his straw hat, and turned a worn, colorless face to the breeze which skimmed over the dunes, keen from three thousand miles of ocean.

"I thought that a surgeon's hand never trembled," Winifred Stanhope said, glancing at the slight, supple fingers which held his hat, "yet yours shakes as mine does when my nerves have got what Jack calls the 'jumps.'"

"It is unprofessional," he answered, leaning back with a smile, "but surgeons are human as well as professional, and four hours of grilling with a plentiful seasoning of dust may excuse some testimony to the weakness of the flesh."

Her pretty eyes dwelt on him kindly.

"Jack was right to bully you away from your work. You look nearly worn out."

"Does your welcome appear to you as flattering as that of a hostess should be?" he asked.

Then he sat erect and met alertly the eager glance of a man who rushed across the platform to the side of the cart.

"Carew, how are you?" he exclaimed. "I saw you just now, but as your ladies seemed hurried for their train I did not delay them."

"Too bad of you!" Carew declared, his grasp lingering on the other's reluctant hand. "I will answer for them that they would rather have missed their train than a word with you after all these years."

"Perhaps Mrs. Carew may run down again while Doctor Farquahr is with us," Mrs. Stanhope interposed. "My husband means to keep him a month, now that he has got him away from those horrid hospitals."

Carew shook his head regretfully.

"Our children have been turned out into the Maine backwoods for the summer, and I am to join my wife there after a bit more hunting. But I shall see something of you before I go," he added with a glance at Farquahr as nearly wistful as one man ever permits himself to bestow on another. "Will you be at the hunt breakfast to-morrow?"

"I have come here to loaf," Farquahr replied languidly. "The breeziest dune, where the sand is most softly drifted, will be more frequented by me than any social gathering-place."

Carew urged an invitation to a bachelor dinner at the club, and when that was somewhat summarily declined, Winifred compassionated his very obvious disappointment with a general offer of "tea" any afternoon—that safest of resources to an amiable woman hesitating between an instinctive hospitality and a perception of personal objection.

"Doctor Farquahr was almost uncivil to the poor fellow," she observed an hour later as she stood beside her husband's dressing-table while he adjusted a white tie. "If he had not looked so haggard I should have scolded him."

Jack's attention deserted the tie. He turned to her with a tenderness in his gay blue eyes which was not altogether for her.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Have I not kept your secrets these four years?"

"All mine, of course," he hastened to agree. "But this secret is Nigel's. Eight years ago, Carew, who was the third in our triangle of college comradeship, went off with Nigel to the White Mountains for some fishing. There they both fell in love with the same girl—and Carew married her."

"Have they never met since?"

"Never. Carew, who, as you know, lives in New Orleans, seldom comes North. He told me recently that he had seen and heard no more of Nigel in eight years than he had of me. Indeed, I have long fancied that the way in which he dropped out of touch with me proved as conclusively as Nigel's silence that he, or his wife, or both, had behaved badly to Nigel, and believed that, being in his confidence, I would resent their conduct."

"Does not Doctor Farquahr talk to you about them?"

"Not a word since his last letter from the White Mountains begging me never to mention Miss Dallas to him again. He went to London for some special study just then, and returned the 'working-machine' you call him."

"He is handsome in his ascetic way, and I like him, though he forgets me entirely when he comes to dine with us," Winifred murmured. Then she dimpled delightfully. "There are charming girls here this summer—surely after eight years——"

Jack laughed and went back to his tie.

"Being feminine, you find difficulty in understanding a life scheme from which matrimony is willfully left out," he declared. "Trust me, there are men so built that they have neither capacity nor inclination to love more than once. Nigel Farquahr's profession is home as well as career to him. He is sufficiently content. But I should have postponed his visit, when I found the Carews had at last turned up again, if I had not heard that they were leaving—and the kindest thing we can do for him now is to keep Carew away."

Yet "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." No other than Jack brought those two together on the morrow with an insistence which would not be denied.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The veranda, which faced the ocean, was shady. Farquahr, lying in a low wicker chair with his hostess near by, was almost reconciled to the idleness he annually inflicted upon himself as conscientiously as he inflicted necessary, if unpleasant, treatment upon his patients.

Winifred belonged to that rather rare type of womanhood which, though prone to chatter, is able to be silent at discretion. After a glance at the serenity of her guest's tired countenance, she, too, leaned back in her chair and gazed at the softly shining sea, as if its daily contemplation held her as subject to its glamour as one who saw it only in a brief breathing space between stretches of hard work.

Across this stillness of scene and spirit broke the rush of hurrying hoofs.

She sprang to her feet. Plucky though she was, not even Jack guessed the terrors of apprehension she endured when that M. F. H. hunted.

"Something has happened!" she exclaimed. "Nobody rides at such rate unless——"

The horse swept around one of the many angles of the cottage.

"Jack!" she cried, a whole Te Deum in her voice, but Jack's glance passed her.

"Nigel!" he exclaimed. "Thank God you are here and can give him another chance! I stopped at the stable—your horse is coming at once."

Farquahr arose.

"An accident?" he asked alertly. "I have not got my tools, but, of course, the village doctor——"

"Yes, yes, but he is hopeless—and poor Carew——"

Farquahr dropped back into his chair.

"I think I will not interfere if the surgeon in charge has given up the case," he said coldly. "I rarely practice during my holidays, and professional etiquette does not permit me to do so unless the other surgeon requests——"

"Old Brown would go on his knees to get you," Jack asserted wrathfully. "It is not good will he lacks, it is skill—so between you, I think you may save the patient. Here is your horse."

"Did Carew send you?"

"Carew has not spoken two coherent words since his horse, in falling, kicked him on the head. It is all one to him which of you is beside him, but to the rest of us—have you forgotten the days when you and he and I——"

"I have forgotten nothing," Farquahr muttered, so low that only Winifred heard him.

"Here is your hat," she said.

He took it mechanically, walked down the veranda steps, and, swinging himself into the saddle, rode away without further word.

She sprang to Jack and put both arms about his neck as he bent from his horse.

"If another woman had taken you from me, I hope I should not wish her dead!" she whispered, "but I would rather somebody else should save her life!"

For only answer Jack kissed her and galloped after Farquahr.

They rode swiftly along a sea-swept road, and Jack, with one glance at his friend's stern profile, felt no disposition to break the silence, which was eloquent, even to his half comprehension, of that long ago when Farquahr and Carew had loved the same girl, and Carew had married her.

While to Farquahr? Between the lines of Jack's brief summary of the story which had cost Farquahr his sweetheart and his comrade, rapture and anguish yet haunted him who was now summoned to interpose between that comrade and death, between that sweetheart and widowhood.

It had been a vivid, youthful passion, so burned into Farquahr's unforgetting heart that all the glow of life yet pulsed in it. He had loved Marjory Dallas from his first sight of her among those pine woods which had been as the garden of paradise to him. But her family were neighbors of Carew's in Louisiana, and when Farquahr, confessing his love to his comrade, besought that apparently gay trifler to leave the field to him, Carew had refused, declaring that he, too, loved Marjory, and had loved her before going North to college.

For a while the rivalry between the former friends had amused the sweet coquetry of the girl, and then her sweeter seriousness had seemed to turn to Farquahr. She promised to be his wife, though with tender ruefulness for her old playfellow she insisted that Carew should hear of her engagement only at her discretion. A day or two of a jealous lover's bitter misgivings and Farquahr rebelled. Marjory, he declared, must at once make their engagement known to Carew, or he himself would go away immediately and forever. She refused—and he left her. No entreaty for his return followed him, as he had passionately hoped, and some months later he heard, through an acquaintance, that Carew had married a Miss Dallas.

During the years which intervened since then the world had become merely a big workshop to Farquahr, upon whom a cold reserve had grown, which forbade new intimacies and imposed certain bonds of silence even upon the genial loyalty of Jack Stanhope, though it was in his society that the great surgeon's rare leisure was spent. In all those years Farquahr had neither heard of the Carews nor met them, until yesterday upon the station platform.

After a couple of miles' rapid riding, Jack directed Farquahr to the club house of the County Hunt. Men in "pink" lounged on the veranda which surrounded the low building, while servants led about the heated horses of late arrivals, who had ridden to the finish without knowledge of a serious accident.

Among these jovial sportsmen an ominous silence reigned, and a brief murmur of "No change" responded to Jack's question.

Hurriedly he preceded Farquahr into a large, picturesque room, which belonged to the feminine members of the club, and was then tenantless. An inner door stood ajar, and, beckoning Farquahr to follow, he entered a hastily arranged bed-chamber. An elderly man advanced to meet them, but Farquahr, with merely a nod, passed to the bedside.

Carew lay motionless, his head swathed in bandages, his face ghastly, though flushed, and his breath coming stertorously. Rather nervously the village doctor informed the famous surgeon of the nature of the injury, the little he had found possible to do, and his belief that the patient was dying.

When he ceased speaking, Farquahr lifted a limp wrist from the coverlid.

As though magic was in his touch to stir the soul lingering within that hurt brain, Carew opened his eyes.

He looked up in the grave countenance bending over him and smiled—the boyish smile of long ago.

"Another scrape for you to help me from, old fellow!" he murmured. "It is a business more familiar to you even than carving bones."

Farquahr's glance softened.

"You must not talk," he said very gently. "I'm going to see what ails you."

A sudden excitement banished Carew's smile.

"There is something I must do for you first!" he exclaimed, struggling to his elbow. "Something I always meant to do. Send away those men, Nigel—this is only for you and me!"

"Hush!" Farquahr said, laying him back among the pillows. "Your business must wait for mine."

But Jack drew Doctor Brown into the adjoining room.

"If a poor chap happens to be dying," he said unsteadily, "it is not fair to take away his last chance of setting himself straight."

Carew stared wildly as Farquahr's firm hands held him quiet.

"She always liked you best—you grim, long-legged Quixote!" he cried.

"This is raving," Farquahr muttered.

He had grown white, and relaxed his hold.

"I am sane, but I am dying," Carew panted, ceasing to struggle. "A dying man must be honest—and forgiven!"

Farquahr walked hurriedly to an open window.

"When Marjory told me there was no hope for me, she said she had written to you—to come back," Carew faltered. "I knew if you missed her letter you would never come—I stopped her letter. You remember the queer old postmaster who let any one look over the mails? I read her letter—you were right, she wrote. She had given up her folly—she loved you with all her heart—you must come back quickly to your own Marjory." His voice wavered just audibly. "I was a foolish boy, who thought only of the chance to keep you from her—I burned the letter!"

The smell of pine woods, the rush of a mountain stream, a gleam of sunshine through lofty treetops, a girl's fair face, lips that laughed, eyes that loved.

Across a space Farquahr was aware of these things—a space into which eight years ago he had flung faith and tenderness and the joy of living—the wreck of his youth from which he had saved only a fierce greed for work, a restless pursuit of knowledge and the fame of it.

He was beside the bed again.

"When you had stolen her letter, did you lie to her because I did not come?—until she despised me enough to marry you?" he gasped.

But Carew had relapsed into unconsciousness.

The door opened, and Doctor Brown hesitated on the threshold.

"You will recognize that every moment is vital, Doctor Farquahr, when you have seen——" He broke off anxiously. "Insensible? I fear there will be no further rally."

With steady keenness Farquahr went through the task this country colleague set him, and, at its conclusion, agreed monosyllabically that their patient's death would be inevitable.

Doctor Brown was a kindly little person, accustomed to see death come slowly, or at an age when life meets it easily, if suddenly. Looking up from the vigorous young manhood lying smitten before him, his eyes were dim behind his spectacles.

"I hoped," he said wistfully—"I am rusty living down here—and you, head and shoulders above even other New York surgeons in modern ideas—I hoped you might know of some new operation which would give him another chance."

Farquahr did not answer. His folded arms rested on the brass rods of the bed-foot. He stared silently at the senseless body of the man upon whom his silence pronounced death sentence—and there panted in his ears certain words: "She always liked you best!"

A little more silence and this man would be gone who had robbed him all these years. But there would remain other years in which to win once more her who had "always liked him best"—and who, though she must hear her husband's dishonor, need never know that, to gain her freedom, her lover had become as surely responsible for her husband's death as if his hands had slain him.

Doctor Brown looked up again at his tall companion. Lines had come into that rigid countenance which were not there ten minutes since; the dark brows were knit, the tense lips were colorless.

He laid a plump palm timidly on the folded arms.

"You feel this very much," he whispered. "Mr. Stanhope told me that you were boys together; but it is the good God who limits your splendid powers, and He knows how unwillingly you let your old friend die."

Farquahr started. A sombre glance confronted Brown—a glance whose terrible meaning for an instant he vaguely divined, though he never explained it to himself, and never guessed that his words had turned a quivering balance to the saving of a soul.

Farquahr shivered, pressed both hands between his eyes and those mildly gleaming spectacles, and presently looked down at his colleague with a glance from which a devil had been banished.

"There is an operation," he said gently; "one which I have tried twice successfully. With your assistance, I believe he can be saved."

* * * * * * *

"A critical operation, and forty-eight hours' constant nursing of a patient who has spared neither himself nor you for a single moment of consciousness," Jack Stanhope said, two days later, with a hand on either of Farquahr's broad shoulders. "That is not exactly the holiday idleness which I expected would restore your strength and your beauty. Therefore, that you look like some particularly weird kind of spectre is——"

"I will be as idle as you and your wife please as soon as I get back to your house," Farquahr interrupted smiling. "As a proof that I recognize the worn condition both of my looks and my nerves, I mean to avoid Mrs. Carew and her—her gratitude for the present."

"Shall I drive you home before I go to the station to meet her?"

Farquahr passed an uncertain hand across his brow.

"Carew needs my authority to keep him calm. This delay of missent telegrams and slow trains through the wilderness where Mrs. Carew is staying has tried him. He will fancy a railway accident or some other horror if she should be late, so I shall mount guard until I hear your wheels. Then I shall resign to dear old Brown, step across the corridor before she enters, and drive home with you."

Jack agreed, and Farquahr, returning to the sick room, sank wearily into a chair near the window.

Through those bowed shutters he could watch the moonlit avenue along which any carriage from the station must needs approach.

"Are you there, Nigel?" Carew called feebly.

"I am here."

"My wife will come soon?"

"Very soon."

"I—told you about—about Marjory's letter?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

Something half-laugh, half-sob struggled in Farquahr's throat.

For what curious happenings do men thank God! Yet, futile as was his late knowledge of Marjory's letter, bitter as was his memory of the horrible temptation Carew's revelation of that letter's treacherous destruction had brought him, he, too, could murmur "Thank God"—a little while his sweet love had longed and waited for his coming——

"Nigel." Carew's voice drifted through the dimness. "I always hoped that you had forgotten—and that she would forget—but now——"

"Hush," Farquahr answered. "There is no more to be said about the past. You are to get well and do honor to my professional future."

An hour later Doctor Brown relieved Farquahr's watch.

Rather stumblingly Farquahr found his way through the semi-darkness into the adjoining room. While he paused, listening, the sound of wheels brought a sudden color across his haggardness, and as sudden an eclipsing pallor.

As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so Farquahr's resolve to avoid this meeting with the woman he loved, and of whose heart he had such strange insight, yielded in his desire for one more glimpse of her face.

He stepped into the angle of a screen. The door opened and two women entered.

The first, flitting as a shadow, passed hurriedly to the bedroom.

The other walked slowly to a table, turned up a lamp, and faced Farquahr as he stood beside the screen.

The woman bore herself most calmly—as is wont. She moved forward with an extended hand, which shook no more than gratitude excused.

"We can never thank you enough" she said. "Mr. Stanhope has told us that you have saved my brother-in-law a second time by your care since the operation."

Her hand dropped to her side, for Farquahr made no motion to take it.

"Your brother-in-law!" he repeated dully.

A glow, a tremor, changed her pale calmness.

"Did you not know he married my sister?" she asked unsteadily. "When Agnes came home from school the week after you went away, they fell in love with each other at once. The past nonsense was to him as if it had never been, and the strength of his love for her has made him more serious, more——"

She broke off as Farquahr staggered, caught at a chair near him and sank into it.

She was beside him swiftly.

"You are faint—you are overtired! I will bring——"

"No, stay——!"

His voice failed, and his white face lay heavily against the velvet cushions. But in his haggard eyes was that before which eight years vanished—in the presence of which time and parting are no more than they shall be in Eternity.

"Your letter never reached me," he whispered. "Carew stopped it—destroyed it when he had read it—and two nights since he told me what he had done——"

With a shining, tremulous smile she let his cold fingers close upon her own.

"I always knew my letter missed you, somehow—though I could not write again—even for you!" She started and frowned. "But that he should be so base! Must I forgive him, too?"

Farquahr thrust her hands from him and sat upright.

"Forgive me first—if you can!" he muttered vehemently. "When he told me of your letter I still believed you his wife. When Brown thought him dying, and I knew I could save the life which stood between you and me—for a moment I meant to let him die."

She put her trembling hands again into his clasp.

"God is good to us!" she whispered.

"To us?" he repeated, and took her in his arms.

She moved forward with an extended hand

The Author of The Mocking-Bird

SEPTIMUS WINNER, who wrote the words and music of Listen to the Mocking-Bird, has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday and the forty-fourth anniversary of the song that has made him famous. In those forty-four years The Mocking-Bird has been published in Spain, Germany, France and Great Britain, and sung and played the world over; nearly eighty instrumental variations and arrangements have been made of it.

Mr. Winner is a native of Philadelphia, where he has always made his home, and it is a coincidence that two of the most popular composers of "Southern" songs, Stephen C. Foster and himself, should be Pennsylvanians. The composer of The Mocking-Bird has published no less than two hundred songs and an equal number of musical books. The fact that he has written under many different names has prevented him from becoming generally known as the author of his most popular songs. Ten Little Injuns, of which he is the composer, was published under the name of Mark Mason, while The Mocking-Bird had on the original title-page the maiden name of Mr. Winner's mother, Alice Hawthorne.

Mr. Winner was keeping a music store at the time and doing his song composing at night. The songs took so well and he wrote so many of them that, as he modestly puts it, "It was much easier for me to say 'here is a new song by Alice Hawthorne,' or 'a new song by Mark Mason,' or some of the other names I used. I could not always be saying 'here is a new song by Sep. Winner' and asking people to try it."

The song that created greater excitement by far than any other that Mr. Winner wrote, but one that is now forgotten, was Give us Back our Old Commander, written when General McClellan was relieved of his command and reverses quickly followed those appointed his successors. Fifty thousand copies of the song were sold in Washington within a few days after its publication. Regiments sang it as they marched and the feeling grew so strong that Mr. Winner received intimation that its publication must be suppressed.

The Southern armies took to heart The Mocking-Bird, which was sung in the trenches and played on the tented field.

A number of versions, some of them partially correct, have been given of the circumstances that led Mr. Winner to write Listen to the Mocking-Bird. This is the story as Mr. Winner tells it: "There was a colored boy by the name of Dick, or Whistling Dick as people called him, who was always whistling and singing about the streets of Philadelphia to the accompaniment of his guitar. I said to him: 'Dick, *if I* were to write a song with words and music, would you sing it?' He said 'Yes,' and so I wrote Listen to the Mocking-Bird. It was written, as I wrote all my songs, at night after the store was closed—first the words, then the music. When it was done I taught it to Dick. He had a little voice and had to drop an octave in singing the refrain, but as soon as he began to sing it the people caught the melody wherever they heard it. When it was published it went like wildfire and was played by the bands and sold by the thousand." This great sale, extending over years, has been of no benefit to Mr. Winner, who sold the manuscript of the song outright, as he did with all his songs.

Mr. Winner has had many visitors from different parts of the world who, in passing through Philadelphia, have stopped to see the man who wrote The Mocking-Bird.

Madam Emma Nevada is a regular correspondent of Mr. Winner, and a great admirer of The Mocking-Bird, which she has sung the world over. During her latest visit to Philadelphia and after a concert at the Academy of Music in which it had been sung, she invited Mr. Winner to the greenroom to hold a reception with her.

Of course amusing things occurred as a result of writing under various names. Respecting the musical ability of Mathias Keller, who wrote the American Hymn, Mr. Winner showed him his song, When I Dream of the Friends of My Youth.

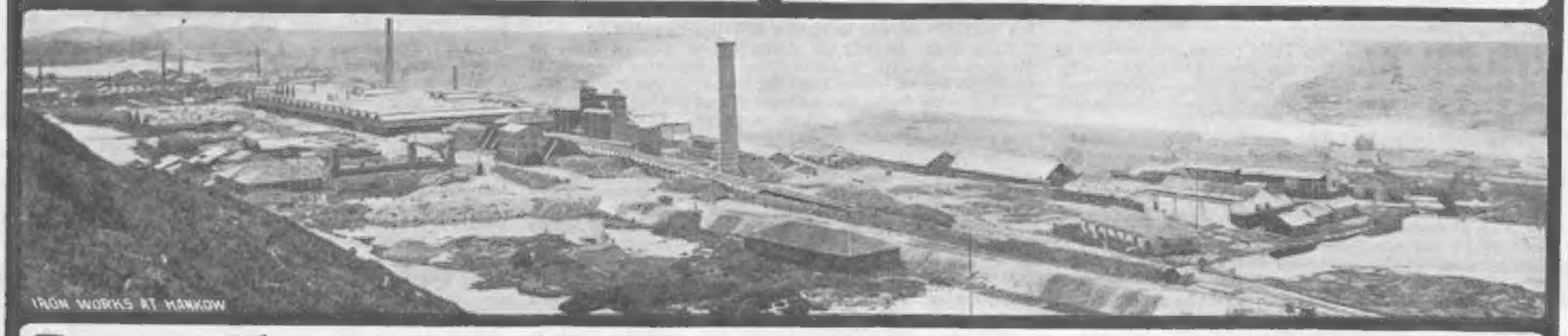
"I wish you would tell me what is wrong," he said.

"Take Alice Hawthorne as your model," was the calmly superior reply.

Again, a critic in the Round Table, then a well-known magazine boasting nine editors, spoke highly of the songs of Alice Hawthorne, Mr. Winner's favorite pen-name, but said: "As to the songs of Septimus Winner, they should not be allowed to exist." As Mr. Winner purposed writing more songs under the name of Alice Hawthorne and sending them to the Round Table for review, he refrained from telling the critic of his blunder. Besides the great number of songs of which Mr. Winner has written the words and music, and the many musical books of which he is the author, he has accomplished a good deal of literary work. Mr. Winner is one of the oldest living contributors to The Saturday Evening Post, having been one of its regular writers of both poetry and prose in 1850. During the period of Edgar Allen Poe's editorship of Graham's Magazine Mr. Winner wrote poetry for that publication.

But best of all he will be known as the author of Listen to the Mocking-Bird, one of the melodies that spring up in a moment with a Heaven-given touch in them that goes to men's hearts.

Chances for Young Men—IV—In China


IRON WORKS AT HANKOW

By Frank G. Carpenter

WHAT are the chances for young Americans in China? I have asked this question at the chief treaty ports and have discussed it with both foreigners and Chinese in different parts of the Empire. I find that there are already opportunities for the right men in a limited number of places and that these opportunities are steadily increasing. If China is to be opened up as the great Powers have decided, the field for money-making will be one of the best in the world, and the demand for intelligent young foreigners trained along Western lines will be very great.

In order to understand the possibilities it is necessary to look at the curious position which China now holds among the countries and nations of the world. It is a country undeveloped and unprospected so far as the possibilities of modern times are concerned. It is a slice out of the human muscle-working, ignorant, superstitious, industrial past, dropped down without change into the practical, scientific, steam and steel age of the industrial present. It is a country larger in area than the United States, including its outlying islands, and one which has five people to our one. Its people are as human as we are, and, as their country develops and wages rise, their wants will increase and the trade between them and the rest of the world will be enormous.

They will want all sorts of modern improvements. They are not savages, and they can appreciate a good thing if it is forced upon them. They have now about four thousand walled cities and countless villages. They have, at vast expense, constructed a system of canals which is unsurpassed in the world; they have redeemed thousands of acres by dikes and stone walls, and when they realize the benefits to be had from railroads and factories they will be quick to build them. To do so they will need foreigners, and our young men will have their chance with those of Europe in the work.

At present China has not one mile of railroad track to each million of its inhabitants. It has, all told, just about 350 miles, although several thousand miles more have been projected. The building of the new roads goes on very slowly. There are now only four places where work is being done, and, so far as I can learn, these are fully equipped with foreign employees. Two of the constructing parties are Chinese. They are working on the trunk line which is being built from Hankow to Peking through the central and northern parts of the Empire. The third plant is a line from Kiachow Bay, the new German concession, to coal mines in the province just back of it, and the fourth is the Russian road which is being constructed from Port Arthur north through Manchuria to connect with the trans-Siberian road. These roads are respectively managed by the Germans and the Russians, the foreigners connected with them coming from the home countries.

The railroads now in operation in China are worked by Chinese, with a few foreign engineers and foreign advisers. They consist of the northern railway system embracing the roads from Tien-Tsin to the Yellow Sea, to the Kaiping coal mines and the great wall at Shanhaikwan, the line from Tien-Tsin to Peking, the little extension toward Hankow, and the little line of about fourteen miles which connects Shanghai with Woosung on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

What Railways Can Do for China

These railroads do not begin to tap the population of China. They are but a drop in the sea in comparison with what the country should have. They are chiefly military lines, and do not reach the most populous sections nor touch those where manufacturing and trade are the greatest. The transportation of goods in China is done almost altogether upon boats, carts or wheelbarrows. There are cities of from one hundred thousand to a million, lying within fifty miles or less of one another, which are connected only by canals and wheelbarrow tracks.

Some of these towns lie in the vicinity of coal fields by which electricity could be cheaply produced and made to carry both passengers and freight, and there will in the future be many openings for electrical engineers here. There are no electric railroads in the cities of China, the most of them being so closely built that it will be impossible to put roads through them. Still Peking, the capital, with more than a million of inhabitants, has wide streets and at this writing no railroad within its walls. Indeed, until within two or three years the only way to reach Peking was by boat or cart. Its port and chief trading centre, Tien-Tsin—a city of more than a million—was only eighty miles away over a plain as flat as a floor, but all the traffic between the two cities was by wheelbarrows and carts, and by boats on the Pei-ho and the Grand Canal.

Since the railroad has been built I understand its traffic has so increased that it is now paying enormously. I am told that the new roads which are being constructed begin to earn a profit almost as soon as the rails are laid. This shows that the Chinese will patronize their railways, and the moment that one of the great trade lines has been completed the traffic upon it will be so great that it will probably lead to the rapid opening of other roads. Factories will come with the railroads and the mines along the roads will be developed.

In all these undertakings men with modern educational ideas and business training will be needed. There will be opportunities for civil and mining engineers and for men of special training along all lines of modern manufacturing adapted to Chinese wants. Foreigners will be required to superintend the establishment of the plants and they will be needed to run them for some time thereafter, although the Chinese will displace them as soon as possible with their own men.

When China Shall Be Open to Our Trade

The greater part of such opportunities are, however, in the future. So far the foreigners are confined to twenty-eight treaty ports where they may live and do business. At present the total number of foreigners in China is not more than fifteen thousand, or about one foreigner to twenty-seven thousand Chinese. A large number are missionaries, so that it will be seen that the supply can by no means meet the demand when all China is thrown open to trade.

The foreigners already employed here are making money, and many have amassed fortunes. Some of them are agents of the importing and exporting firms which connect China with the markets of the world. The foreign trade of China amounts to about a quarter of a billion dollars a year, and these men handle it. The chief firms have big houses and their employees are well paid. Some of the firms have their own steamship lines, others are interested in docks and real estate, others in tea-packing houses, modern cotton factories and silk filatures. In all such establishments there are opportunities for young men of the right sort who can come with proper credentials as to their character and efficiency. Such credentials are, however, an absolute necessity.

In the Employ of Government

In the opening up of China there will be places for a number of our young men in the employ of the Chinese Government as teachers, civil engineers, mining experts and clerks. Already a number of Americans are holding good positions of this nature. The chief Chinese colleges are presided over by Americans. The Imperial Foreign University at Peking has as its President Dr. William A. M. Martin, one of the oldest and best known of our missionaries. He organized this school and has been at its head for years. The school is largely intended to fit the young nobility of China for the diplomatic service. Doctor Martin has the confidence of the Chinese Government. His salary is probably equal to about $10,000 gold a year. He has some Americans among his professors, one of whom is Dr. R. Coltman, of Pennsylvania, formerly a medical missionary, but now professor of anatomy in the Imperial College.

At Tien-Tsin there is a Chinese Imperial University presided over by an American, Professor C. D. Tenney. Mr. Tenney was once a tutor in Li Hung Chang's family, and he has been connected with our Consulate at Tien-Tsin. He is a young man of ability and culture.

At Shanghai the Chinese have lately established the Nan-Yang College. They have erected a number of excellent buildings and will soon have accommodations for six hundred students. The President of this college is Mr. John C. Ferguson, who was formerly in charge of the missionary college at Nanking. Mr. Ferguson came to China as one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he is doing more good in his present position than he possibly could in any other. He is the foreign adviser of some of the leading Chinese officials, and as such is a man of great influence. He probably receives a large salary.

Among the other Americans who have made money and reputation out of their knowledge of Chinese in connection with the Government is Mr. W. N. Pethick, who was, for years, closely associated with Li Hung Chang, and Mr. E. T. Williams, formerly interpreter of the Consulate at Shanghai and now employed at the great Kiagnan arsenal.

All of these men have gotten their positions owing to their knowledge of the Chinese language. The schools with which they are connected are intended to fit young Chinese to take places under the Government where intercourse with foreigners is necessary, as the Chinese do not like to have such places filled by foreigners. It will be long, however, before there will be sufficient English-speaking Chinese to fill this demand, and as the country is opened up there will be employment at high prices for young Americans who have learned Chinese.

A group of Mandarin civil officers, Canton

The Open Sesame to Position

The knowledge of Chinese is, in fact, already the open sesame to a good position in China, and it will be more and more so as time goes on. At present there are no places here for foreign teachers who come without such knowledge. The foreign schools are already well supplied, and when new men are needed by the missionary colleges they are sent out from the home churches,

while the Government schools import their teachers direct from America.

The man who understands Chinese and can speak it has many openings before him, and if a young man can afford to come out here and devote a couple of years to study he can get a position. He will be in demand at the American Consulates as interpreter, will have a chance at a place in the different offices of the Chinese Government or in the Imperial Maritime Customs, and also in the many foreign enterprises managed and financed by Chinese capitalists.

The need of such men as interpreters is so great that our American Minister and the Consul-General have petitioned the State Department to send out ten young men to learn Chinese, with the view of using them as interpreters in our Consulates and in the Legation at Peking. Such men will probably receive salary and expenses from the time of their leaving America, but employers should make time contracts with them, as otherwise they can easily leave the Consulates for the higher salaries sure to be offered by the Chinese Government or by Chinese business men who need such clerks to carry on their foreign correspondence and act as interpreters. There have been numerous cases of this kind in the past. Only a few months ago a young American who spoke and wrote Chinese was in the employ of one of our Consulates as interpreter at $1700 a year. He was offered $3300 by the Chinese and he is now working for them.

The opportunities for such men in the collection of the foreign customs of China are many and excellent. The Imperial Maritime Customs Service, which has to do with all imports, is entirely in the hands of foreigners, and it is supposed to be recruited, other things being equal, from the various countries in proportion to their trade with the Chinese. At present America has nothing like her share of the places, and a judicious pushing on the part of our Minister would give many young Americans such positions if they were only fitted for them.

This customs service is one of the best paid of its kind in the world. It is under the direction of an Englishman, Sir Robert Hart, who is said to receive something like $75,000 a year besides a large allowance for entertaining. It has between three and four thousand men in its employ who are paid good salaries. The indoor staff, or the men who have to do the clerical and supervisory work, get from $1000 to $10,000 gold and at the same time their quarters. There are, I am told, many men in the customs who receive annual salaries which equal in value five thousand gold dollars. In addition to their salaries these customs officials get two years' vacation, with half pay at the end of every five years, and at the end of every seven years, including the vacations, a present of one full year's pay. Their positions are practically for life and they are treated as though they were under the civil service.

No Chance for the Mechanic

In other departments of the Chinese Government there are at present but few foreign employees. The railroads have some, such as Mr. C. W. Kinder and others, who have had to do with building the lines of North China; and there is Captain M. W. Rich, the foreign scientific adviser to Sheng, the director of railroads at Shanghai. Captain Rich is one of our well-known civil engineers and railroad men. He is from Minnesota and was, I believe, the builder of the "Soo" road. He came here, I am told, on a five years' contract at a salary of $10,000 gold a year.

As to the minor positions connected with the Chinese railroads, such as mechanics, locomotive engineers, conductors and so on, these are now all filled by Chinese, and they will probably continue so. Such men can be had here at wages upon which an American would starve. In the north of China locomotive engineers receive about seventeen dollars a month, firemen about eight dollars, and first-class telegraph operators twelve dollars and a half.

There is really no chance here for the ordinary mechanic nor for any one who has nothing but muscle and the common amount of brains and education to recommend him. All of the manual labor of the empire is done by Chinese. The large modern silk and cotton factories of China now employ tens of thousands of hands, but they are Chinese men and women, boys and girls. I visited one factory at Shanghai which had 5000 workmen. Of these only one was a foreigner, and he was the expert who built the mill. The only foreigners employed in the other factories are as managers, engineers and foremen, chosen for their special knowledge of some branch of the business.

The same is true of mechanics, ordinary skilled labor and petty clerkships. In the silk filatures I saw little girls working thirteen hours for less than three cents a day, and in a big cotton mill I was told that the average wages paid adults did not exceed fourteen cents. This was in Shanghai where wages are at their top notch, where carpenters, blacksmiths and cabinet-makers get thirteen cents a day; bootmakers and bricklayers ten cents, and barbers three cents.

Credentials a First Requisite

During the past year I have traveled much in the interior of China and have visited many of the inland cities. In such localities unskilled laborers are paid about three cents a day, and farm hands are lucky when they receive more than two dollars of our money a month.

Every Chinese store has a number of clerks or salesmen. These are paid on the average about four dollars a month and board. In the foreign stores of Shanghai and elsewhere, and in the minor clerical positions of the big exporting and importing establishments, half-castes and Portuguese are largely used. These men receive from twenty to forty dollars a month. They are recruited from the annual overflow of the various ports where the schools are semi-commercial colleges and give such a business training as fits their graduates for clerkships.

Notwithstanding this, there are many opportunities here for good young men with push, energy and modern education, especially if they have business ideas and business training. *They must not come, however, without letters and credentials showing who they are and what their experience has been.* They should, if possible, bring personal letters of introduction to some of the foreigners vouching for their character, ability and previous employment. The young man who can bring these and in addition enough money to enable him to stay here for a month or so and look around for a position, and who, for lack of amusement, will not drift into dissipation, has a fair chance of making a place for himself. He must come with the intention of devoting his life to the work, and not with the idea that a year or so will suffice to make him enormously rich.

As to the professions, I am told there is no chance for foreign doctors in China and that the Chinese will not employ them. This is to some extent a mistake. There are hundreds of thousands of Chinese annually treated at the missionary hospitals. I know of one missionary doctor who turns in fees to the missions to the amount of $5000 a year, and I have been told that our present Minister to Korea, Dr. H. N. Allen, did an even greater business among the Koreans while he was practicing as a medical missionary before he entered the diplomatic service. These fees all come from the rich, the poor being treated for nothing. The foreign medicine is steadily growing in favor in the far East, and I can see no reason why there should not be a profitable practice for American physicians when the country is thoroughly opened up. As to dentists, there are Americans at Shanghai and elsewhere who are doing well. They charge about ten dollars for pulling teeth, and for other work in proportion.

There are in Shanghai several American lawyers and a small number of American exporters, importers and agents. In the past the Americans have made a great deal in trading in the far East. For three-quarters of a century the chief firm in China was the great American establishment of Russell and Company. It had its great houses at every port. Its ships carried the American flag along the coast and on the rivers, and it made fortune after fortune for its owners. As the men connected with it grew rich they drew out their capital and retired. After a long while the business began to droop for lack of funds, and a few years ago it had so dwindled that the firm passed out of existence.

A Better Opening than Ever Before

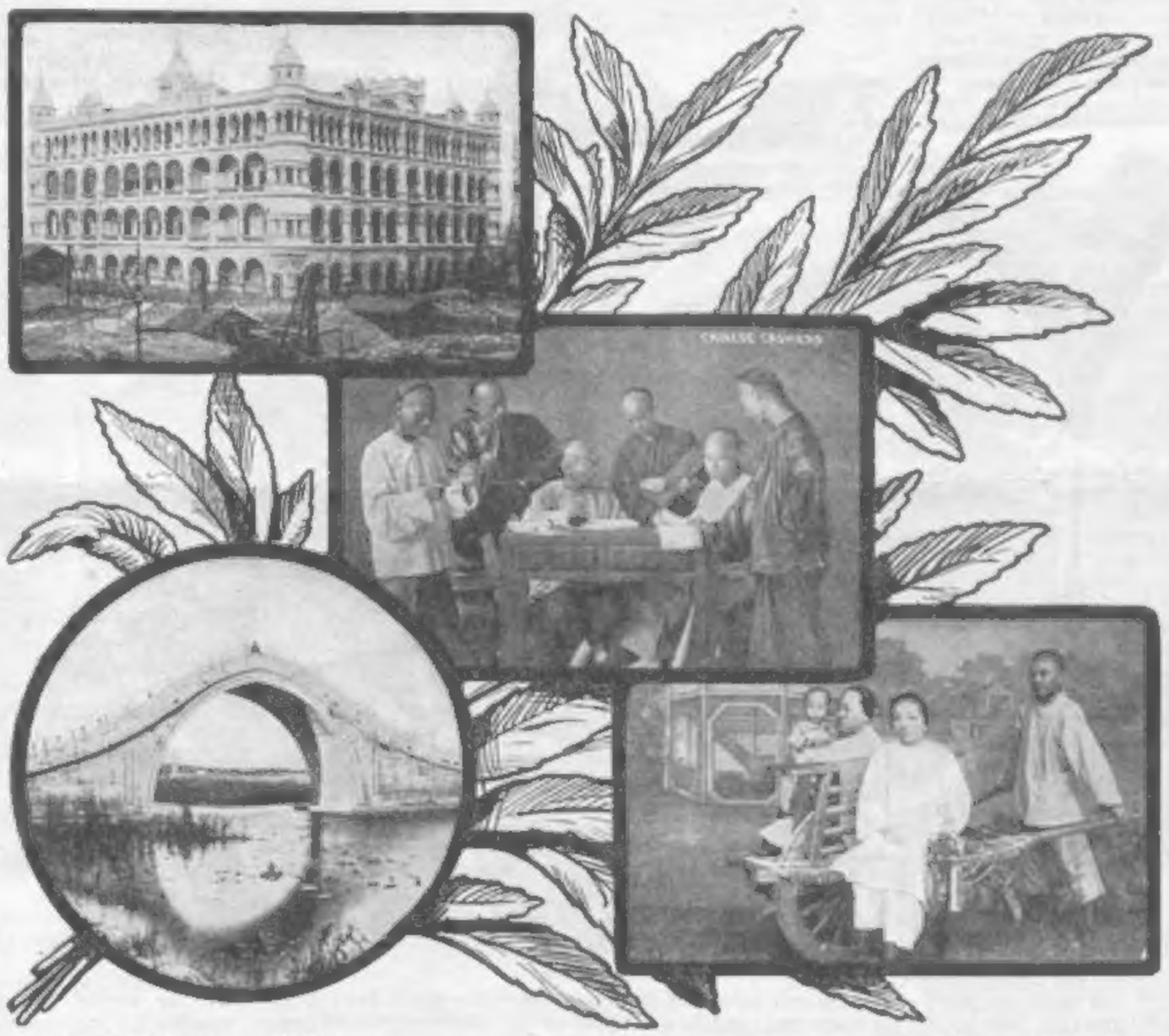
There has never been a better time for a young man to go into trade out here than just now, and the young American who can bring some money and good business connections with him can find here ample field for his energy and abilities. There are such men now in China who came out only a few years ago and are now making from eight to ten thousand dollars gold a year, and who will make much more as time goes on. They are men with a keen eye to business, who have studied the situation and who are taking advantage of their opportunities. They are men of character and commercial honesty, whose word is as good as their bond. Such attributes are a necessity here. Business is largely done on faith, and large contracts are often carried out with only verbal agreements behind them. The man who goes back on a bargain cannot last in his dealings with the Chinese. They have their guilds, or commercial and bankers' unions, and the breaking of one contract will often discredit a foreigner in all future operations.

There should be an increased sale of many kinds of American goods in China, and the young man who can persuade some of our large manufacturing or exporting houses to send him out here to introduce their goods has a chance to make a good place for himself. He can add other imports to his list from time to time and can gradually build up a business. I know of one such man who was laughed at when he asked the Shanghai merchants to handle his goods. He opened a place himself and sold $100,000 worth in six months.

At present the Germans are studying the field for new things more than are either the Americans, the French or the English. Their young men are the most enterprising, the most industrious and the most successful. They are learning the language and are gradually working their way into all parts of the empire. They study the wants of the Chinese and try to import such things as will please them. The young American who will do the same is sure to succeed.

As to the chances here for the young American speculator, the fellow with a genius for knowing a good thing when he sees it and with the nerve to take hold of it, I believe they are now good and that they will be very great in the future. This man will have his eye upon mines, lands, stocks and all kinds of investments for which he may have, or can interest those who have, the capital. The opportunities for real estate investments at the treaty ports have made many men rich within a few years. In Shanghai property has doubled in value again and again within a very short time, and at all of the cities opened to foreigners the land of the concessions has steadily risen. It will probably continue to rise as the foreign trade of China and the opportunities for foreigners increase.

New business block in Hongkong



China is a land of canals and fine bridges

Transportation is now by wheelbarrows

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of papers from the special correspondent of The Saturday Evening Post on Chances for Young Men in the far East. The first paper appeared in the issue of March 10.

Three Scholars Accounted Absent

THE afternoon before the inauguration of the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition, Commissioner Peck had a look around. Everything seemed to be all right. The names of the Presidents were printed on the walls, in groups of six, and all the names were properly spelled. Around the curve of the gallery were ranged the bannered shields representing all the States and Territories. Mr. Proctor, the sculptor, was there.

"I see you've got them all in," he said to the Commissioner, "even Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines."

Mr. Peck looked at the bannerlike shields which stood for those new territories; then he shook his head.

"I don't know whether that will do," he said dubiously; "I'll telegraph to Washington to-night."

The next day those names were painted out.

No American in Paris can tell you whether Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines are part of the United States or not.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Curious Prejudices of Some People

One of the most famous lawyers, after undertaking a big case, always first directed his attention to the opposition. He studied it thoroughly and conscientiously, and then, when he had reached a full understanding of it, he began to attack it from his own side. Perhaps it might be well for the average person to pursue some such a program in considering the tragedy which has begun in the Chinese Empire. In other countries rowdies have maltreated and killed inoffensive Chinamen, have slaughtered them on occasion without justification.

Another thing. Minister Wu Ting-fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, in a public statement said: "Confucianism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism have existed side by side for centuries in China without persecuting each other," and he added that the Chinese, who are a very conservative people, cannot understand the zeal of the American missionaries.

He drew a picture of what might happen if Chinese missionaries should come to this country and should attempt to spread the teachings of Confucius and Buddha, and to prevail upon our people to tear down their churches. He thought they would be mobbed. This, of course, is his view.

Practically all of these people can read and write, yet they are ignorant and superstitious, and there is a belief running through the lower classes that the foreigners want their eyes for medical purposes. Said Minister Wu: "I remember assuring the Emperor himself at an audience I had with him that there was no foundation for such a rumor." Then, too, if there is one reverence that the Chinese have it is for the sacredness of their graveyards. And the foreign engineers run railroads through them.

Twenty Million Lives Lost in One Rebellion

It has been said that every nation needs a shaking up every fifty years, and this recalls the fact that it was just fifty years ago that the great Taiping Rebellion began in South China and spread over fifteen of the eighteen provinces, resulting in the sacrifice of the almost incredible number of twenty million lives. It is well to bear in mind, too, that this was a kind of Christianity, although corrupted and debased. The Manchu dynasty had ruled for over three hundred years. A schoolmaster named Hung Siu Chuen, born in 1813, from some Christian tracts and other books evolved a new religion. He had a vision, and he claimed that these words were addressed to him: "All human beings in the world are produced and sustained by Me; they eat My bread and wear My clothes, but not one among them has the heart to venerate and remember Me; they take My gifts and therewith worship demons; they rebel against Me and arouse My anger." After this a sword was given to Hung—so he said—and he was commanded to exterminate the demons. He claimed that this command came from God, and that Christ stood by his side and told him how to act. His preaching led to thousands of converts and "The Church of God" was established. Then followed the demolition of temples and idols and the great rebellion which did not end for fourteen years, or until "Chinese" Gordon won his great victory and Hung himself committed suicide by poison.

The Meaning of the Boxer Movement

In the choice lot of information and misinformation about China we have no better example than the various definitions of the Boxers. Professor F. W. Williams, of the chair of Modern Oriental History at Yale, is quoted as follows: "The term Boxers is derived from the Chinese word about equivalent to the English term for rough classes. The Chinese term is 'Yi Ho Chuan,' which may be interpreted as 'righteousness, harmony and fists.'" Another authority drawing his information from the missionary sources states: "Boxers is the new name for the Society of the Great or Strong Sword (in Chinese, Ta Too Why). Its members kill and rob foreigners without discrimination on the slightest provocation, and oftentimes on no provocation whatever." Still another authority says: "The Boxers were first organized in Shantung province about a year ago as a sort of protection against thieves and robbers, the Boxers being allowed to carry swords and to have them in their possession. Their first demonstration was the murder of a missionary, and finally the attack on the Belgian engineers, which led to the present outbreaks." Other accounts describe them variously as belonging to the lower and the upper classes, as having the friendship of the authorities and being opposed by them. On top of all this comes the declaration of Minister Wu, who said the Boxers are not an organized society, but simply "a mob of fanatics," and he states that he never heard of them until the present trouble began. There is no reference whatever in any books to the Boxers or the Boxer movement; it is something new, and about all that we know definitely of it is that it is directed against all "foreign devils." In its way, it is a part of the turbulence which means the eventual disruption of the Chinese Empire.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD — LI HUNG CHANG — WU TING-FANG — EDWIN H. CONGER

An Educated Nation Without a Census

"In point of intellect, as in business and diplomacy, the Chinese are the equals of the ablest and most civilized nations of Christendom." This is the deliberate judgment of the latest, and in some respects the most judicial, of the encyclopedias.

And yet with all this intelligence China has never had a census. That is why the figures you read about the population of the empire vary so wonderfully. Millions are handled in Chinese guesses as if they were the veriest trifles. You will read in one authority that the population is 350,000,000 and in another that it is over 400,000,000. Fifty million Chinamen more or less do not seem to count.

The very latest figures that seem at all dependable—if guesses can ever be dependable—show some extraordinary totals. China proper—that is, Central China—has 1,322,841 square miles and 383,000,000 population. Manchuria—including what Russia has grabbed—has 362,310 square miles and 18,000,000 population. Mongolia has 1,288,000 square miles and 2,000,000 population. Ili, comprising several countries, has 579,750 square miles and 1,180,000 population; and Thibet has 362,310 square miles and 6,000,000 population. Add all these together and you will have what has been known as the Chinese Empire.

No nation in the world can produce such totals. No nation can adduce such a variety and wealth of natural products. China has a range of climate as great as that of the United States. In China proper every acre of land is cultivated—it is the most thoroughly cultivated country on the globe. It has all the cereals and all the fruits; it has both anthracite and bituminous coal, and it is rich in gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, petroleum and natural gas. Its great river—the Yang-tse-Kiang—is open to foreign trade for 1700 miles, 600 miles of which is navigable by the largest ocean-going ships and 500 miles more of which is navigable by steamers. Out of the eighteen provinces of Central China there is an annual revenue of about eighty million dollars, and the trade amounts to many hundreds of millions each year.

Not least interesting, these people have in their dictionary from 40,000 to 60,000 characters, of which we are gravely told 25,000 have "the sanction of good usage."

The Division of the Jellyfish

Land bigness and enormous population do not make a nation. Education does not make a nation. The necessary things are, reasonably honest government, public spirit and character. Theoretically, China is a perfect government of the monarchical kind—it is modeled on the home—but actually it is a tyranny debased, with corruption in all its ramifications and with intrigue in all its operations. Thus even education adds to the weakness, because instead of contributing to the higher impulses and interests of the people it makes the corruption more insidious and effective, and the intrigue deeper and more dangerous. China is a wonderful mass—the great jellyfish of nations it has been called—but it lacks the power of progress. Of all nations in the world it is the most helpless and the most hopeless.

Thus come the opportunities. This is a century of land grabbing, a century of extension and expansion, and the morality of the greatest government of Europe does not go much beyond the saving clause of a pretext on which to hang its plans and purposes. No one fancies for a moment that the internal outbreaks in China are the main concern of the great Powers. They have happened rather unexpectedly—very unfortunately for Great Britain, with all her best troops in South Africa; not very opportunely for Russia, with her trans-Siberian railroad uncompleted, and not any too well for Japan, who will have to depend upon the friendship of Great Britain. But the grab game has begun, and it is easy to see that Russia is leading. The Cossack is getting more first mortgages on the Celestial than any other grabber.

The Policy of the United States

Lord Rosebery has declared that the next big war will be fought for commercial supremacy, and only three months ago Marquis Ito, the greatest statesman in Japan, in announcing his opposition to any scheme of partitioning the Middle Kingdom of China, said: "If the United States is to have the commerce of the world, she must mix in foreign politics." There never was a more delicate situation for our diplomatists, and the policy so far ordered by the Administration, and executed by Minister Conger, seems to be the only safe course. The marines landed under Captain McCalla have been used simply for the protection of life and of American interests. Any coöperation in political schemes has been avoided. The marines were landed because there were American lives and property to be saved.

This nation is unique in that its interference in any foreign complication or situation has been for the good of all nations and of humanity in general. Great Britain opened China largely to get a market for the opium products of India. The United States opened Japan for the commerce and the profit and the progress of the whole world. The European Powers drew their "spheres of influence" on Chinese territory before beginning to plot for the downfall of the empire. The United States, by a splendid stroke of diplomacy and insistence, secured the "open door" in China for the weak nations as well as the strong, an act which such a wise statesman as Senator Davis, of Minnesota, places next to the treaty which Franklin negotiated securing the independence of the United States. The position of this country, therefore, is that of unselfishness unparalleled in history, with no axes to grind, with no land schemes to execute, and with only the broader interest of humanity and commerce to protect and advance. It all goes to show that Washington was right, and that Uncle Sam is never so strong as when he keeps out of entangling alliances with other nations, and stands alone for right and reason.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Admirable Crichton of Parliament

Mr. George Wyndham is a man of many fortunes. He is the handsomest man in the English House of Commons where beauty is strangely lacking. Why, one wonders, should politics be generally fatal to good looks? As Under Secretary for War he has taken the honors of the present Parliamentary session, his diplomacy having conciliated the critics of the Transvaal campaign even more than his eloquent addresses.

It is his luck, too, to belong to a family that everybody likes. Its heads were the Earls of Egremont, until some fifty years ago when the last Earl of that name broke the descent. Then the advantage became apparent of belonging to a popular family — the eldest son was made Lord Leconfield. That was George Wyndham's grandfather, who inherited the Egremont property in Sussex and the Egremont pictures which make the Petworth Park collections famous. The taste for pictures is hereditary with the Wyndhams. Mr. George Wyndham's mother, the Honorable Mrs. Percy Wyndham, was years ago painted by Watts; and his three sisters, Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant and Mrs. Adeane, have just sat to Sargent for a group transcendent for vitality in the beautiful faces and for dexterity in the painting of the surfaces of white silk and satin. Trust a Wyndham in the choice of a painter!

Two of the sisters of George Wyndham are called Pamela, one as a first name and the other as a second. The allusion is to Pamela, the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was their great grandmother — and the Tory politician to-day is a great-grandson of an Irish rebel. Some of the good looks of the family come from the Fitzgeralds, originally an Italian family of Geraldini who came to England in the reign of King Edward the Confessor. The Southern blood is still to be seen in the coloring of Mr. George Wyndham, and is, perhaps, further expressed in his passion for Italian poetry, especially of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A few verses he himself has made, besides editing Henley's. Other evidences of his keen literary taste, of his love for the classics as well as for the Romanticists, are well known.

A final stroke of luck came to Mr. George Wyndham with his wife, a daughter of Lord Scarborough, who, when George Wyndham met her, was already the widow of Earl Grosvenor and the mother of the present Duke of Westminster. The record of lines falling in pleasant places is fitly rounded off by the remark that Park Lane supplies a dwelling place to Mr. Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor — as she still calls herself when she travels with her second husband, the plain — but handsome — Mr. W

Burying the Hatchet

When Oxford University conferred a high degree upon Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix the other day it honored one of the brightest scholars in the American pulpit, and there was more than ordinary interest in the fact because of Doctor Dix's ancestry. His father was General John Adams Dix who fought the British on the Canadian frontier in the War of 1812, and who afterward, as Secretary of the Treasury, telegraphed the historical words to a revenue officer at New Orleans: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." General Dix was one of the most versatile men of his day. After fighting through the war he practiced law, was Secretary of State in New York, Superintendent of Schools, editor of a leading newspaper, and then United States Senator and the occupant of other high political offices. He was a Major-General during the Civil War and then Governor of New York. During a large part of his lifetime he was vestryman of Trinity Church, New York, of which his son is now the distinguished rector. He also wrote a number of books. Rev. Dr. Dix is the eldest son, and has inherited his father's literary ability, for he is the author of a dozen or more books, all of which have been successful. Doctor Dix was notably received in England where he is looked upon as one of the ablest of Americans.

Colonel Marshall Takes the Stump

Colonel Charles Marshall, who has been for many years one of the leading lawyers of Maryland, and who is a direct descendant of Chief Justice John Marshall, was aide de camp to General Robert E. Lee and went through the last [illegible] war with his chief. He was present at the surrender at Appomattox. Colonel Marshall has many interesting stories of his military life, and one of the most amusing was an experience with a new horse. His old horse had been shot from under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit his work. In the battle a few hours later he was riding across a field in which there were numerous stumps. Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared, and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Colonel Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the meantime the firing was increasing and the situation was anything but comfortable, but the horse kept on as if he was enjoying it.

"It was not until afterward," said Colonel Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been trained to do this act amid the firing of cannon."

Doctor Hale's Youthful Enthusiasm

Probably no man was more keenly interested in the recent total eclipse of the sun than Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

The eminent New Englander is now seventy-eight years old, yet he recently journeyed from Boston to Hampton Roads to get within the belt of totality in order to enjoy a new experience.

The scientists watched him with delight. He was as excited and enthusiastic as they, and his first question after it was over was, "When will there be another?" They told him the next eclipse would occur in Sumatra, in the island of Java, and would last about seven minutes. He at once announced his intention to attend the event, saying it was quite worth the thousands of miles of travel to go through the keen mental sensation.

Doctor Hale told the group of scientists with him a characteristic anecdote. He said when he was a child his father delighted in telling a story to point the greatness of Exeter, New Hampshire, his native town. Hundreds of country people from Hampton, a near-by village, came to Exeter to view an eclipse.

His father met many farmers he had known in the village and asked them what they were in Exeter for.

"To see the eclipse," they answered.

"But why not stay in your own town?" he asked.

"Oh," they answered, "we heard so much of this great eclipse and wanted to see it. We were afraid it might skip Hampton, but we were certain it would never go by the Academy town."

"That was eighty years ago," added Doctor Hale, "and things are oddly reversed. Here I have journeyed from Massachusetts to Hampton to see an eclipse, for I knew it wouldn't skip Hampton!"

A Heroic Prescription

Mr. David J. Hill, the First Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the most important younger members of the Administration set. He has an interesting, keen personality that makes him noticeable even in such an assemblage.

And his children also are interesting. Their mother is a daughter of the late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, millionaire and well known railroad man. The children are twins, a girl and a boy.

Mr. Hill has been going through a good bit of teasing concerning his small daughter's recent behavior.

The pair always have been dressed alike to a detail. Their love for each other is intense, and no one dares give to one without giving to the other.

Each has toys alike, eats from similar chairs off of twin plates.

Their beds are copies of each other in the nursery, and the nurse lives in daily fear that she will unconsciously prefer one before the other.

Thus they lived until recently, when the blow fell.

Mr. Hill decided that it was time to put the boy in trousers. The suit was made and the boy strutted out in it one morning and proclaimed himself a man. The girl could not be found until the nurse came down with terrible tales. The girl would not be comforted. She was shrieking with anger and grief. She refused to put on her girl's clothes and wanted to know why she wasn't to be dressed like her brother. The Hills were aghast; no such development had been thought of. Mr. Hill, the diplomat, went upstairs and after an hour's fight came down worsted. Nothing availed.

The second day the girl grew sick and every sight of her brother caused an outbreak. Matters grew [illegible] that the family doctor was called in, and his prescription was: "Trousers for the girl."

Mrs. Hill wouldn't hear of it, but the girl got so much worse that the tailor was called in and an entire suit made for her like the boy's.

She got well at once, and the two are dressed exactly alike every morning and kept in the house.

They are gradually persuading her to put on skirts in the afternoon when she is taken for her walk.

Miss Hallock's Distinguished Audience

More than ever before young women are taking prominent places in the worlds of music and culture. Miss Helen Bloodgood Garretson is the daughter of a New York lawyer and is a highly accomplished young woman.

Miss Mary E. Hallock, the pianist, is an American, although she was born in Beirut, Syria. She was nurtured among the Quakers of Philadelphia, and she has had the advantage of the best musical instructors both in this country and in Europe, including the Vienna master of the pianoforte, Leschetizky.

While in Vienna she was invited by M. and Mme. Leoncavallo to listen to the initial performance of that master's opera, La Bohème, from their box at the Vienna Royal Opera House, and had the most interesting pleasure of seeing at close range the composer's reception of his play during its performance.

Although her professional work is only one season old, she has already played with some of the best known organizations of the country, among them being the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartette.

This year Miss Hallock met Paderewski and played to him his A minor concerto, and Paderewski marked her copy of the score and inscribed on its fly leaf:

"In remembrance of an audience which gave great pleasure to the author. I. J. Paderewski."

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The Poor Man's Chance

A VERY old question has been recently revived by those who make it a business to attract public attention. Has the poor man a chance in these days of trusts, monopolies and combinations of capital? This is the question tossed back and forth between those who are contributing to the discussion. Mr. John J. Ingalls thinks the poor man has as many opportunities now as he ever had; Mr. Edwin Markham persists in regarding the working man as a victim of the rich, ground down by the aggressions of capital, the demands of trusts and the interests of monopolies; while Mr. Howells insists that the poor man is a slave for the reason that "the poorer man has always less liberty than the richer man."

The logic of this is somewhat dim. What has become of the dignity of labor and the consolation of honest toil? Have they been obliterated all of a sudden, or were they merely pleasing fictions invented to encourage the deserving poor? Mr. Markham, indeed, in his latest poetical contribution to this interesting discussion takes pains to warn the rich that they cannot escape "the burden of the Common Lot." The managers, promoters and stockholders in the Octopus will have "endless weariness, but not the consolation of the plough and spade."

And this seems to be pretty close to the truth of the matter. Rightly viewed, the slavery of riches is quite as galling as the slavery of the poor. It is the common experience that it is a difficult matter to take care of a great fortune and hold it [illegible] and one of the conclusions of philosophers is that [illegible] terated misery is to be found in the mansions of the rich than in the hovels of the poor.

It is barely possible that the real trouble, the real distress, is to be found mainly in the sensitive minds of those who are all the time flinging about for a remedy for social conditions which are the inevitable result of trade and commerce, the promotion of which now goes under the name of civilization. It is not only possible, but highly probable, that the poor get more real enjoyment out of life than the rich. The most casual observer cannot fail to perceive that the wealthy classes soon exhaust the small stock of pleasures that are really harmless and recreative, and are driven back upon themselves in a way that is not possible to the poor.

As for "the poor man's chance," it is all the time expanding with the expansion that is natural to a successful commercial society. From the beginning of the Republic down to the present time the poor man and his children have been pushing themselves to the front with the utmost vigor.

The whole question of "the poor man's chance" is one which each individual will settle for himself. If Heaven has given him the basis on which may be built the qualities of mind and character inseparable from success, he will succeed. It is hardly possible in the changed condition of things that any poor boy will have to face and overcome such obstacles as Abraham Lincoln found in his way.

The opportunities to earn a livelihood, to make money and accumulate a fortune are far more numerous than they were fifty years ago. There is not in this country to-day a fortune [illegible] foundations of which were not laid by a poor man, and if riches are accumulated more quickly now than they were fifty years ago, it is because the opportunities are greater.

[illegible]

Many a well person becomes a chronic invalid in traveling for health.

Making Things Pleasant for the Other Fellow

THE most trying people in the world are those who will tell you that you ought to be perfectly contented with your lot in life, because you are not suffering from a calamity which they regard as terrible. "If you were blind," they will say, "or if you were told by your doctor that you had only a month to live, you might be excused for being dissatisfied, but as it is, you have no right to grumble merely because your income will not enable you to pay your bills." This is undoubtedly the way in which Job's comforters talked to him. They probably said: "You have a nice glazed pot sherd to scrape yourself withal, and the very best quality of pure wood ashes to put on your head, and good, clean, warm sackcloth to wear. What an ungrateful beast you are to grumble! To be sure, your wife has not been taken from you, but you should remember that she is living several hundred years prior to the invention of the piano. We consider you, on the whole, as a very lucky fellow, and you ought to see things in the same light yourself, instead of weeping and groaning." If these remarks have not been recorded by the writer of the book of Job, he probably had his reasons for not mentioning them.

It is so easy for us to bear the ills of other people with manly fortitude. When we see a man with a large family and a preposterously small income we always succeed in convincing ourselves that he really ought to live within his income, and to be happy. We do not feel sad over his lot, and therefore he should feel cheerful. We do not in the least distress ourselves because our neighbor suffers from an extremely red nose, and wonder why he should permit that nose to make him discontented with his personal appearance. Doubtless it is very creditable to us that we thus bear with equanimity the ills of other people, but that does not justify us in informing them that they are very silly to feel dissatisfied with their crosses. We can never succeed in convincing the man with the red nose that it is of no consequence that the street boys hoot at his nose, and that respectable strangers secretly suspect him of intemperance. We cannot make the poor clerk who is starving on a preposterously small salary contented merely by informing him that he is really a very lucky fellow to be merely poor, instead of deaf, dumb and blind, with paralysis of the legs and softening of the brain. If we cannot assist people to better their condition, the least we can do is to refrain from telling them that their woes are insignificant. The nose knoweth its own redness and the pocket its own emptiness. We cannot bear one another's burdens in the true sense by making light of them.

—W. L. ALDEN

Woman may be the slave of fashion, but man would give his buttons for the comforts of the shirt-waist.

The Losing Fight Among the Kopjes

THE whirligig of Time not only brings in its revenges, but brings them in very often in a very astonishing fashion. It may take years, or even centuries, but more than with King Philip with the revenges of Time it is truly "Time and I against any other two." It is very seldom, in the flux of events, that there does not come before long some diminution in the glory and the satisfaction of the victor; some unexpected relief or some unforeseen turn of good fortune for the conquered. Often it has happened that the vanquished has so influenced the victor that what was a defeat has become, after all, a belated victory, as, for example, in the Norman conquest of England when the Normans very soon became more English than—an American girl who has married a Duke. But if Time does not work its revenges in quite such evident and ample measure it often does a great deal in other ways to compensate for defeat. Almost invariably as time has gone on the lost causes in the world's history have received a wide sympathy, and those who fought and suffered for them have been given a place in the world's warmest affections.

There is something in the inherent kindliness of civilized man that makes him sympathize with the "under dog," particularly when the "under dog" is putting up a good fight. And when the fight is finished it is as likely as not that out of this sympathetic kindness he endows that dog, even though he may have been an ordinary "yaller" one, with points utterly unknown to his breed and training. It is with the lost causes that the world's sympathy has always gone, and it is those causes, as often as not foolish or wrong, that it has surrounded with the glory of romance and for which it very often feels a present devotion. The cause of the Stuarts in England was an utterly mistaken one, but what sacrifices have been made for it and what interest is even now expended upon it! This will always be a romantic cause, as now the Imperial cause—with the Napoleonic legion behind it—is becoming the romantic cause in France. So much time has passed that it is a subject about which it is possible to speak, and it may now be admitted in our own land that as the years go on the cause of the South in the Rebellion is more and more a romantic one with us. It is on that side that we are beginning to find the heroes and heroines of fiction, and it is safe to say that in the future it is with that lost cause there will ever be a growing romantic interest.

In South Africa a cause seems almost lost. As to its merits there is no question here, any more than as to the merits of the other lost causes of which mention has been made. That is another question. But it will be lost after a brave fight, and the world is prepared to give its defenders a place among its heroes. Gradually romance will envelop it and the facts of the case will be almost forgotten. Mankind will only think of Cronje and his little army forced into that river bed and fighting it out under the concentrated fire of the encircling batteries of an overwhelming force. It may not be a very substantial revenge, but the admiration that the world gives to the fight that has been well fought and lost is something of a reward. At least it is enough to encourage all who are fighting for any cause of any kind to fight the more strongly, knowing that no effort will go unrecognized, and that in any event they will receive the guerdon of the world's admiration and sympathy. —GEORGE HIBBARD.

The croak of a tired frog is music compared with the lament of the weary citizen who pretends to think that the country is going to the dogs.

Whipping the Yellow-Blooded Voter into Line

IN THE push and hurrah, the advertising and the din of campaign year there is one feature that strikes the onlooker as full of humor. That is the work of the various "claim bureaus." After the speakers, the spellbinders and the hand-shakers have done their work the "claim bureau" gets the voter aside and tells him just how the election is going to result. He is informed emphatically that the whole country is on the side of the Administration, or that the great American populace is ready to rise in mass to protest against the policy of the Government. He learns from a minor "claim bureau" that the State will reelect its present Governor by a majority of 100 000, while the rival dreamer informs him, "confidentially," that a deep, swift undercurrent of opposition to the Governor is going to play havoc with the plans of that official.

All this seems very humorous, but it has also its serious aspect. This thing of claiming certain victory has come to be considered an important part of practical politics. It may be laid down as a general rule that, other things being equal, the party which makes the biggest claims will win. This fact does not speak well either for our patriotism or our manhood. On the other hand, it shows that an immense [illegible] yellow" blood courses through the veins of the voting populace. It shows that a very considerable portion of voters will sacrifice principle rather than run the risk of voting with the losing side.

Support that man and you lose your vote," says the spellbinder, and he goes on to explain that the candidate in question is going to be defeated. This so-called "loss of a vote" seems a terrible calamity to many voters. Of course this is the most absurd of ideas, for he has not only "lost his vote" in failing to express with it his wish as to the choice of an official, but has made it a weapon against his own party, he has used it, not to carry out his desire, but to suppress it.

What we need is more good *red* blood, blood that makes a man stand and fight and vote for his convictions, even if he knows the majority is against him. We need voters who are willing to fight for a time on the losing side with the hope of achieving ultimate victory, men who are willing to spend time and strength and ballots in agitation to bring a cause before the nation. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Hissing is not good form, but it will do no harm to try it on the first stump speaker who seeks to throw mud in this Presidential campaign.

The Absurd Statesman with a Literal Mind

REFORMERS are nearly always excellent people whose extreme sincerity and earnestness give them a momentum which bears them beyond the limit of safety. They refuse to reckon with human imperfection, and demand of a poor, weak organism a sudden and complete conquest of life's most powerful and elusively subtle enemies. They will have the utmost of reform or nothing.

The same great difficulty lies in the thoroughfare of politics. You may hear statesmen of this stripe at their business in season and out of season. Nothing is ever quite constitutional in their regard; no proposed measure or policy is ever fairly in accord with the Declaration of Independence unless it begin with "When in the course of human events" and go on literally coinciding, and even then there is grave doubt!

These sincere and patriotic literalists would fold the nation's hands to die while awaiting the slow process of a constitutional amendment, rather than save the nation's life by a step not literally sanctioned by the fundamental law.

This sort of thing is well nigh as dangerous as absolute [illegible] for all law. No legal generality can be safely con[illegible] to a special and inflexible criterion by which to measure all possible conditions, situations and exigencies. Conservatism is wholesome as long as it is liberal, and liberalism is sound as long as it is duly conservative. When a storm is on the good sailor takes in the reefs, whether the rule is down in the books or not. The humane and universal divine generality, "Thou shalt not kill," does not forbid self-defense, even to the death. That governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed" does not mean that a people have the right to consent to unrighteous government; for how can a "just right" be derived from a wicked consent? After all, statesmanship is not a thing of pot-metal rigidity. It is a matter of the interpretation of law in the light of conscience and by the measure of highest human need. —MAURICE THOMPSON

It may be well to assure the country that Messrs. McKinley and Bryan really do not look like all the campaign portraits.

At the English Capital

I STOOD in Hyde Park the other day when the Queen drove through on her way from Buckingham Palace to Windsor. It was a bright afternoon and the mothers of London had brought out their little children to see Her Majesty; in fact, it appeared as if the crowd that lined the carriage-way was composed entirely of mothers, children and nurses. The people stood in a double row, leaving only room for the carriage to pass between in comfort, and no policemen or soldiers were needed to keep the carriage-way nor to protect Her Majesty. The Royal carriage passed along at an ambling gait, the Queen acknowledging the cheers by bowing at intervals. But the people saw that Her Majesty is very, very old indeed. She sat with her eyes closed, and there was no other expression on her face than that of a great desire to rest. The war—there is no getting around the fact—has told heavily on the Queen, and the activity she has displayed in going to Ireland and appearing among her people on so many occasions subsequent to the Irish trip has tired her through and through. Of late, whenever she drives out, the proportion of children among the spectators increases, for folk wish their little ones to be able to say in future years, "I saw Queen Victoria." Little babies are held up so that they may be told when they come to years of understanding that they actually did see Her Majesty. It is, in its way, a rather pathetic period in the life of the Queen.

The Queen's Conservatism

The Queen some years ago reached that age when folk, rich or poor, dislike change. Her Majesty desires about her familiar faces and things, so much so that when she goes away from Windsor, whether it be to Ireland or the Continent, she takes along her bed, carriage, horses, and even chairs. And in nothing is she more particular than with her yacht. For a generation, more or less, she has stuck to the Victoria and Albert, a yacht that years ago became to all intents and purposes obsolete. As the greatest naval station the world has known, England has felt ashamed of the fact that their Royal yacht was about the most old-fashioned, slowest tub afloat, and, indeed, many subjects of the Queen possessed far better yachts. But the Queen had grown fond of the Victoria and Albert and for a long time could not be induced to sanction the building of a new one.

At length pleading prevailed and the order went forth—the new yacht was to be one of the grandest afloat; in fact, in build and equipment she was to rank as a second class cruiser. The best of everything was ordered and the work pushed forward. She is all but completed now, but the chances are Her Majesty will not set foot in her. For when the yacht was floated every one saw that through an error in construction she was terribly top heavy; indeed, she came within an ace of turning turtle and furnishing the world with a dreadful tragedy. How it came to pass that Sir William White, her designer, made his miscalculations is a mystery, for he, of all men in the world, is thoroughly seasoned by vast experience. Since the beginning of the wonderful revival of the British navy, 1885, Sir William has designed all the great battleships and magnificent cruisers that now constitute England's first line of offense and defense. Yet over this matter of the Queen's yacht he has come a woeful cropper, and Her Majesty will, perhaps, after all, be allowed to stick to her well beloved, cumbrous sidewheeler, the Victoria and Albert.

A Brilliant Trio

No paper sent to the front such a brilliant trinity of correspondents as did the Daily Mail—Steevens, Julian Ralph, Charles Hands, each one of them a genius in his own particular line. As all the world knows, Steevens died of ennui and slow fever during the tedious siege of Ladysmith, Julian Ralph has been obliged to quit the scene of operations owing to ill health, and now Charles Hands is reported dangerously wounded. Of all correspondents of London papers Charles Hands was far and away the most humorous. A little man, careless in his dress, quiet, kindly, as undemonstrative as an Englishman can be, yet greatly given to dodging about London, making friends in all classes of society and allowing these friends to do all the talking, he was quite one of the most popular journalists in the metropolis.

Charles Hands' first big undertaking was to represent the Daily Mail in the Spanish-American war, and from the States and Cuba he wrote many most humorous articles. But in Cuba he became saturated with fever, his condition being made no better by his journey to the Holy Land with the Emperor William, and, in fact, when he left for South Africa he was far from well. After his experience in Cuba, Hands could not say too much for the American soldiers; he thought them the finest fellows he had ever come in contact with.

In his journalistic career, however, he met with at least one "facer." This happened on Jubilee day. To Hands was assigned the duty of writing up the illuminations of London, and like a good journalist he sat down and thought the matter out. To cover the few thousands of miles of streets was palpably impossible in a column article, so Hands resolved to pick upon a street that would typify the lot. St. James' Street, leading from Piccadilly to St. James' Palace, attracted his attention, and a day or so before the Jubilee he made a study of its illuminations and wrote a highly colored and most picturesque description of the gorgeous lights, their effect, and the exclamations that started from the lips of the sightseers when the picture burst upon their gaze. Unfortunately he did not visit St. James' Street on Jubilee night to check his writing, but handed in his copy to the Mail late in the evening. Now, the good folk of St. James' Street had joined together to make their illumination effective, and they one and all placed their trust in electric light. As the gods would have it, the electricity set fire to a building, the wires had to be cut, and the only street in total darkness on that great night was St. James' Street. Mr. Hands' article, printed in full, was one of the best written that appeared—and unconsciously one of the most original.

Lieutenant Clay's Return to Prominence

The announcement that has appeared in all the newspapers that Lieutenant Spender Clay, of the Second Life Guards, was the first British officer to enter Heilbron recalls to mind the celebrated case tried in the Central Criminal Court some few years back, in which Lieutenant Clay played a prominent part. Clay was then very young and very wealthy. He numbered among his friends Lord William Neville, who was neither young nor wealthy, nor was he honest. One fine day Lord William came to young Clay and spun him a long yarn. Lord William's sister, so he said, was desirous of getting a separation order, or something of that sort, and it was necessary that he, the noble lord, should sign a paper. Would Spender Clay oblige by witnessing the signature? Of course young Clay obliged. The paper was carefully folded up, for the contents were of a private and family nature, so said Lord William, and finally Clay's signature was obtained. Some time afterward the wealthy young guardsman was thunderstruck when a bill for £11,000 was presented to him for payment by the great money lender, Sam Lewis. Instead of merely witnessing a signature he had signed an indorsement of a bill for that amount on which Neville had raised many thousands from Lewis. Clay refused to pay, the moneylender sued, the truth came out, Lord William was prosecuted and got five years' penal servitude. He is still engaged in "doing time," and Clay, extravagantly wealthy, is roughing it in South Africa at the head of his men.

The Ways of Literary London

The death of Miss Cris Hammond came as a great shock to the artists and literary folk of London. Miss Hammond was one of the best known of artists in black and white, and her illustrations in pen and ink of old time characters were widely popular. Twelve years ago she was wholly unknown and very poor, but, not only gifted but determined and hard-working, she made her way to the front by virtue of her conscientious work and died in the height of her prosperity. The first real chance she got was when she illustrated Mr. Robert Barr's In a Steamer Chair, and, following this, she and her sister did the drawings for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Judaia Herodsfoot and Mr. Robert Barr's One Day's Courtship, which stories were originally published together in a Christmas number. Here in London it is most difficult to get a chance either as a writer or an illustrator—that is, to get a real chance. The fact of the matter seems to be that the publications, in which it really counts to have one's pictures or stories appear, are so wealthy that their editors can well afford to pay for big names, and, although the editors continually vow they are really anxious to discover new talent, a great majority of them have not sufficient confidence in their own judgment to risk a new name when they can safely and conveniently buy a well known and time honored name with the assurance that the story will be at least readable. Miss Hammond for a time found it difficult to get editors to accept her pictures, but one day Macmillan, the publisher, saw some of her pen drawings and, confident in his own judgment, gave her a book of Jane Austen's to illustrate. So well did she do this and so popular did her work become that the house kept her constantly employed.

A Fling at Posterity

One of the most successful of English women journalists is Mrs. Aria. She was the first to recognize that if dress was an important factor in the life of every woman it at least deserved to be written about with some skill and care, instead of being left to the pen of some novice on the staff in whose hands it became a mere catalogue of shops. In a word, she wrote fashion articles as well as they were to be written. Since then she has been connected with several of the weeklies, while her Saturday column in the Daily Chronicle was a thing to look forward to.

"How hard you must work!" said a sympathetic friend to her one day.

"Hard? Not a bit of it!" she answered, certainly looking the reverse of hard-worked, as she reclined among the cushions in her pretty drawing room, dressed in a fascinating Japanese gown. "I do all my work before breakfast, or at all events before eleven o'clock, and then I have my day to myself. My secretary comes to my room, and I dictate my stuff to her; then she goes away till the next morning. It is you interviewing folk who are writing for posterity who work hard!"

"But do you not have to visit the shops you write about?" asked another visitor.

"Very rarely," laughed Mrs. Aria; "I send my secretaries to do that."

And the literary folk who write for posterity feel that here is success of a very satisfactory kind—in the person of the smiling, unruffled lady who sits at home in delicious gowns while her secretaries go about and collect her copy."

—E. W. Sandt.

The Seeker: A Plantation Hymn

By Frank L. Stanton

I GONE fer ter seek fer my peace er mun'—
I kneel in de grass en dew;
But de gray owl say f'um 'cross de way—
F'um de ol' dead pine whar' de ol' ha'nt stay:
"Who—who—is—you?"

EN I TELL 'im, "Lawd, hit's des po' me,
En I ain't no better dan you 'lowed I'd be;
En I pray f'um Satan dat you'll set me free,
F'um de night-time 'twell de mawnin'!"

I GONE ter seek fer my peace er mun',
En de peace er my fambly, too;
But de gray owl call f'um de c'u'ch wall,
"I dunno nuttin' 'bout you 'n all—
Who—who—is—you?'

EN I TELL 'im, "Lawd, I des so po'
Dat dey ain't no number on my do'!
En I wish you'd try me, Lawd, once mo',
F'um de night-time 'twell de mawnin'!

The EAGLE'S HEART
By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

(Copyright, 1900, by Hamlin Garland and ...)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Harold Excell, a ... year-old son of the Rev. John Excell, pastor of the First ... Church, ... sentenced to a term of six months' imprisonment in the county jail for assault. The sentiment of the town is divided. At the trial it has been developed that, though the boy was reputed malicious and passionate, his real temperament was one of high pride and energy; that his assault upon Clint Slocum had been brought on by galling taunts from the older man, and that his refusal to justify himself arose from the wish not to implicate the name of his sweetheart, Dot Harland, in court proceedings. In prison he persistently refuses to have anything to do with his family; his one aim is to break away from Rock River, immediately upon his release, to the Great West. This purpose is presently strengthened by his new-found worship of Mary Yardwell. Mary had sung to the prisoners in the chorus of a rescue hymn and then a solo. The beauty of her song was a revelation to Harold. Deeply affected, he manages to reach her through letters sent ... Jack ... Yardwell, ... gestion on a strong character and won by his directness ... his admiration and consents to carry on the correspondence.

SIXTH CHAPTER.—THE CAGE OPENS

BEFORE Harold's day of freedom came Mary was called home by a telegram from her father. She longed to see Harold before she left, but she was too much hurried to seek out Jack, the loyal go-between, and dared not send a letter by any other hands. She went away without sending him a word of good-by.

So it happened that the last week of Harold's captivity was spent in loneliness and bitter sorrow, and even when Jack came he brought very little information concerning Mary's flight, and Harold was bitter and accusing.

"Why didn't she write to me? Why didn't she come to see me?"

Jack pleaded for her as well as he was able. "She hadn't time, maybe."

Harold refused to accept this explanation. "If she had cared for me, she'd have sent me word—she could take time for that."

No letter came in the days which followed, and at last he put her out of his heart and turned his face to the sunset land which now called to the sad heart within him with imperious voice. Out there he could forget all his hurts.

On the morning when the jailer opened the door for him to leave the iron corridor in which he had spent so many months his father met him, and the white face of the boy made the father's heart contract. Harold's cheeks were plump and boyish, but there was a look in his face which made him seem a youth of twenty.

The family stood in the jailer's parlor to receive him, and he submitted to their caresses with cold dignity. His manner plainly expressed this feeling: "You are all strangers to me." But he turned to Jack and gripped his hand hard. "Now for the plains!"

Side by side the father and son passed out into the sunshine. The boy drew an audible breath, as if in sudden, keen pain. Around him lay the bare, brown earth of March. The sun was warm and a subtle odor of lately uncovered sward was in the air. The wind, soft, warm and steady, blew from the west. Here and there a patch of grass, faintly green, showed where sullen snow banks had lately lain. And the sky! Filled with clouds almost as fleecy and as white as June, the sky covered him, and when he raised his eyes to it he saw a triangular flock of geese sweeping to the northwest, serene and apparently effortless.

He could not speak—did not wish to hear any speech but that of Nature, and the father seemed to comprehend his son's mood, for he, too, walked in silence.

The people of the village knew that Harold was to return to freedom that day and with one excuse or another they came to the doors to see him pass. Some of them were genuinely sympathetic and bowed and smiled, intending to say, "Let bygones be bygones," but to their greetings Harold remained blankly unresponsive. Jack would gladly have walked with Harold, but out of consideration for the father fell into step behind.

The girls—some of them—had the grace to weep when they saw Harold's sad face. Others uttered and said, "Ain't he awful pale!" For the most part, the citizens considered his punishment sufficient and were disposed to give him another chance. To them, Harold, by his manner, intended to reply: "I don't want any favors. I won't accept any chance from you. I despise you, and I don't want to see you again."

He looked upon the earth and the sky rather than upon the faces of his fellows. His natural love of Nature had been intensified by his captivity, while a bitter contempt and suspicion of all men and women had grown up in his mind. He entered his father's house with ... [illegible]

The day was one of preparation. Jack had hurried out, so far as he well could, the captive's wishes. His gun, his clothing and his valise were ready for him, and Mrs. Excell had washed and ironed all his linen with scrupulous care. His sister Maud had made a little "housewife" for him and filled it with buttons and needles and thread, a gift he did not value, even from her.

"I'm going out West to herd cattle, not to cobble trousers," he said contemptuously.

Jack had a report to make. "Harry, I've found a chance for you," he said when they were alone. "There was a man moving to Colorado here on Saturday. He said he could use you, but of course I had to tell him you couldn't go for a few days. He's just about to Roseville now. I'll tell you what you do. You get on the train and go to Roseville—I'll let you have the money—and you strike him when he comes through. His name is Pratt. He's a tall old chap, talks queer. Of course he may have a hand now, but, anyway, you must get out o' here. He wouldn't take you if he knew you'd been in jail."

"Aren't you going?" asked Harold sharply.

"Not now, Harry. You see, I want to ... [illegible] It wouldn't do to quit now. ... [illegible]

Harold said no more, but his face darkened with disappointment.

The call to dinner brought them all together once more, and the minister's grace became a short prayer for the safety of his son, broken again and again by the weakness of his own voice and by the sobs of Maud and Mrs. Excell. Harold sat with rigid face, fixed in a frown. The meal proceeded in sad silence, for each member of the family felt that Harold was leaving them never to return.

Jack's plan was determined upon and after dinner he went to hitch up his horse to take Harry out to the farm. The family sat in painful suspense for a few moments after Jack went out, and then Mr. Excell said:

"My son, we have never been friends, and the time is past when I can expect to win your love and confidence, but I ... [illegible] away with any bitterness in your heart toward me." He waited a moment for his son to speak, but Harold continued silent, which again confused and pained the father, but he went on. "In proof of what I say I want to offer you some money to buy a horse and saddle when you need them."

"I don't need any money," said Harold, a little touched by the affection in his father's voice. "I can earn all the money I need."

"Perhaps so, but a little money might be useful at the start. You will need a horse if you herd cattle."

"I'll get my own horse—you'll need all you can earn," said Harold.

Mr. Excell's tone changed. "What makes you say that, Harold? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything in particular."

"Have you heard of the faction which is growing up in the church against me?"

Harold hesitated. "Yes—but I wasn't thinking of that particularly." He betrayed a little interest. "What's the matter with 'em?"

"There has been an element in the church hostile to me from the first, and during your trial and sentence these persons have used every effort to spread a feeling against me. How wide it is I cannot tell, but I know it is strong. It may end my work here, for I will not cringe to them. They will find me iron."

Harold's heart warmed suddenly. Without knowing it the father had again struck the right note to win his son. "That's right," the boy said, "don't let 'em tramp on you."

A big lump arose in the minister's throat. There was something very sweet in Harold's sympathy. His eyes smiled, even while they were dim with tears. He held out his hand and Harold took it.

"Well, now, my son, it's time for you to start. Don't you worry about me; I am a fighter when I am aroused."

Harold smiled back into his face, and so it was that the two men parted, for the father in a flash of insight understood that no more than this could be gained—but his heart was lighter than it had been for many months as he saw his son ride away from his door.

"Write often, Harold," he called after them.

"All right. You let me know how the fight comes out. If they whip you, come out West," was Harold's reply, then he turned in his seat. "Drive ahead, Jack; there's no one now but your folks for whom I care."

As they drove out along the muddy lanes the hearts of the two boys became very tender. Harold, filled with exaltation by every familiar thing—by the flights of ground sparrows, by the patches of green grass, by the smell of the wind, by the infrequent boom of the prairie chickens—talked incessantly.

"What makes me maddest," he broke out, "is to think they've cheated me out of seeing one fall and one winter. I didn't see the geese fly south, and now here they are all going north again. Some time I mean to find out where they go to." He took off his hat. "This wind will mighty soon take the white out o' me, won't it?" He was very gay. He slapped his chum on the shoulder and shouted with excitement. "We must keep going, old man, till we strike the buffalo. They are the sign of wild country that *is* wild. I want to get where there ain't any fences."

Jack smiled sadly in reply. Harold knew he listened and so talked on. "I must work up a big case of sunburn before I strike Mr. Pratt for a job. Did he have extra horses?"

... [illegible] His girl was driving the cattle, but he said:

"... What kind of a girl?"

"Oh, a kind of a tomboy, freckled—chews gum and says 'darn it!' That kind of a girl."

Harold's face darkened. "I don't like the idea of that girl. She might have heard something, and then it would go hard with me."

"Don't you worry. The Pratts ain't the kind of people that read newspapers; they didn't stop here but a day, anyhow."

The sight of Mr. Burns and his wife at the gate moved Harold deeply. Mrs. Burns came hurrying out: "You blessed boy! Get right down and let me hug you," and as ... she put her arms around him as if he were ... Harold's eyes smarted with tears.

"I declare," said Mr. Burns, "you look like a fightin' cock; must feed you well down there?"

No note of doubt, hesitation, concealment or shame was in their greetings and the boy knew it. They all sat around the kitchen, and chatted and laughed as if no ill thing had ever happened to him. Burns uttered the only doubtful

At their heels rode Harold on an old black mare, his clear voice urging the herd forward

word when he said: "I don't know about this running away from things here. I'd be inclined to stay here and fight it out."

"But it isn't running away, dad," said Jack. "Harry has always wanted to go West, and now is the first time he has really had the chance."

"That's so," admitted the father. "Still, I'm sorry to see him look like he was running away."

Mrs. Burns was determined to feed Harry into complete torpor. She put up enough food in a basket to last him to San Francisco at the shortest. Even when the boys had entered the buggy she ordered them to wait while she brought out some sweet melon pickles in a jar to add to the collection.

"Well, now, good by," said Harold, reaching down his hand to Mrs. Burns, who seized it in both hers.

"You poor thing, don't let the Indians scalp ye."

"No danger o' that," he called back.

"Be good to yourself," shouted Burns, and the buggy rolled through the gate into the West as the red sun was setting and the prairie cocks were crowing.

The boys talked their plans all over again while the strong young horse spattered through the mud. Slowly the night fell, and as they rode under the branches of the oaks Jack took courage to say:

"I wish Miss Yardwell had been here, Harry."

"It's no use talking about her; she don't care two straws for me: if she had she would have written to me, at least."

"Her mother may have been dying."

"Even that needn't keep her from letting me know or sending some word. She didn't care for me—she was just trying to convert me."

"She wasn't the kind of a girl who flirts. By jinks! You should see her look right through the boys that used to try to walk home with her after prayer meeting. They never tried it a second time. She's a wonder that way. One strange thing about her, she never acts like other girls. You know what I mean? She's different. She's going to be a singer, and travel around giving concerts—she told me so."

Harold was disposed to be fair. "I don't want anybody to feel sorry for me. I suppose she felt that way, and tried to help me." Here he paused and his voice changed. "But when I'm a cattle king out West and can buy her the best home in Des Moines—maybe she won't pity me so much. Anyhow, there's nothing left for me but to emigrate. There's no use stayin' around here. Out there is the place for me now."

Jack put Harold down at the station and turned over to him all the money he had in the world. Harold took it, saying:

"Now, you'll get this back with interest, old man. I need it now, but I won't six months from now. I'm going to strike a job before long—don't you worry."

Their good by was awkward and constrained, and Harold felt the parting more keenly than he dared to show. Jack rode away crying—a brother could not have been more troubled. It seemed that the bitterness of death was in this good by.

SEVENTH CHAPTER—ON THE WING

WHEN Harold arose the next morning his cheeks were still red with the touch of the wind and sun and he looked like a college student just entering upon a vacation. His grace and dignity of bearing set him apart from the rough workmen with whom he ate, and he did not exchange a single word with any one but the landlord. As soon as breakfast was over he went out into the town.

Roseville had only one street, and it was not difficult to learn that Pratt had not yet appeared upon the scene. It was essentially a prairie village; no tree broke the smooth horizon line. A great many emigrants were in motion, and their white topped wagons suggested the sails of minute craft on the broad ocean as they came slowly up the curve to the East and fell away down the slope to the West. To all these Harold applied during the days that followed, but received no offer which seemed to promise so well as that of Mr. Pratt, so he waited. At last he came, a tall, sandy bearded fellow, who walked beside a four-horse team drawing two covered wagons tandem. Behind him straggled a bunch of bony cattle and some horses, herded by a girl and a small boy. The girl rode a mettlesome little pony, sitting sidewise on a man's saddle.

"Wall—I d'n' know," the old man replied in answer to Harold's question. "I did 'low fer to get some help, but Jinnie she said she'd bring 'em along fer fifty cents a day, an' she's boss, stranger. If she's sick o' the job, why, I'll make out with ye. Jinnie, come here."

Jinnie rode up, eying the stranger sharply. "What's up, dad?"

"Here's another young fellow after your job."

"Well, if he'll work cheap he can have it," replied the girl. "I don't admire to ride in this mud any longer."

Pratt smiled. "I reckon that lets you in, stranger, if we can come to terms. We ain't got any money to throw away, but we'll do the best we kin."

"I'll tell you what you do. You turn that pony and saddle over to me when we get through, and I'll call it square."

"Well, I reckon you won't," said the girl, throwing back her sunbonnet as if in challenge. "That's my pony, and nobody gets him without blood, and don't you forget it, sonny."

She was a large-featured girl, so blonde as to be straw-colored even to the lashes of her eyes, but her teeth were very white, and her lips a vivid pink. She had her father's humorous smile, and though her words were bluff, her eyes betrayed that she liked Harold at once.

Harold smiled back at her. "Well, I'll take the next best, that roan there."

The boy burst into wild clamor: "Not by a darn sight, you don't. That's my horse, an' no sucker like you ain't goin' to ride him, nuther."

"Why don't *you* ride him?" asked Harold.

The boy looked foolish. "I'm goin' to, some day."

"He can't," said the girl, "and I don't think you can."

Pratt grinned. "Wall, you see how it is, youngster; you an' me has got to get down to a money basis. Them younguns claim all my stawk."

Harold said, "Pay me what you can," and Pratt replied: "Wal, throw your duds into that hind wagon. We've got to camp somewhere 'fore them durn critters eat up all the fences."

As Harold was helping to unhitch the team the girl came around and studied him with care.

"Say, what's your name?"

"Moses," he instantly replied.

"Moses what?"

"Oh, let it go at Mose."

"Hain't you got no other name?"

"I did have, but the wind blew it away."

"What was it?"

"Moses N. Hardluck."

"You're terrible cute, ain't ye?"

"You turn that pony and saddle over to me when we get through, and I'll call it square."

"Not so very, or I wouldn't be working for my board."

"You hain't never killed yourself with hard work, by the looks o' them hands."

"Oh, I've been going to school."

"A'huh! I thought you had. You talk pretty hifalutin' fer a real workin' man. I tell ye what I think—you're a rich man's son, and you've run away."

"Come, gal, get that coffee bilin'," called the mother. Mrs. Pratt was a wizened little woman, so humped by labor and chills and fever that she seemed deformed. Her querulousness was not so much ill natured as plaintive.

"He *says* his name is Mose Hardluck." Harold heard the girl say, and that ended all further inquiry. He became simply "Mose" to them.

There was a satisfying charm to the business of camping out which now came to be the regular order of living to him. By day the cattle, thin and poor, crawled along patiently, waiting for feeding time to come, catching at such bunches of dry grass as came within their reach, and at their heels rode Harold on an old black mare, his clear voice urging the herd forward. At noon and again at night Pratt halted the wagons beside the road, and while the women got supper or dinner Harold helped Pratt take care of the stock, which he was obliged to feed. "I started a little airly," he said at least a score of times in the first week. "But I wanted to get a good start agin grass come."

Harold was naturally handy at camping, and his ready and skillful hands became very valuable around the campfire. He was quick and cheerful, and apparently tireless, and before the end of the week Jennie said:

"Say, Mose, you can ride my horse if you want to."

"Much obliged, but I guess I'll hang on to the black mare."

At this point Dannie, not to be outdone, chirped shrilly: "You can break my horse if you want to."

So a few days later Harold, with intent to check the girl in her growing friendliness, as well as to please himself, replied: "I guess I'll break Dan's colt."

He began by caressing the horse at every opportunity, leaning against him, or putting one arm over his [illegible] to feel the weight of his body. At last he leaped softly up and hung partly over his back. Naturally the colt shied and reared, but Harold dropped off instantly and renewed his petting and soothing. It was not long before the pony allowed him to mount, and nothing remained but to teach him to endure the saddle and the bridle. This was done by belting him and checking him to a pad strapped upon his back. He struggled fiercely to rid himself of these fetters. He leaped in the air, fell, rolled over and over, backing and wheeling around and around till Dan grew dizzy watching him.

A bystander once said: "Why don't you climb on to him and stay with him till he gets sick o' pitchin'?—that's what a bronco buster would do."

"Because I don't want him 'busted'; I want him taught that I'm his friend," said Harold.

In the end, "Jack," as Harold called the roan, walked up to his master and rubbed his nose against his shoulder. Harold then stripped away the bridle and pad at once, and when he put them on next day Jack winced, but did not plunge, and Harold mounted him. A day or two later the colt worked under the saddle like an old horse. Thereafter it was a matter of making him a horse of finished education. He was taught not to trot, but to go directly from the walk to the lope. He acquired a swift walk and a sort of running trot—that is, he trotted behind and rose in front with a wolflike action of the forelegs. He was guided by the touch of the rein on the neck or by the pressure of his rider's knee on his shoulder.

He was taught to stand without hitching and to allow his rider to mount on either side. This was a trick which Harold learned of a man who had been with the Indians. "You see," he said, "an Injun can't afford to have a horse that will only let him climb on from the nigh side; he has to get there in a hurry sometimes, and any side at all will do him."

It was well that Jack was trained early, for as they drew out on the open prairie and the feed became better the horses and cattle were less easy to drive. Each day the interest grew. The land became wilder and the sky brighter. The grass came on swiftly, and crocuses and dandelions broke from the sod on the sunny side of smooth hills. The cranes, with their splendid challenging cries, swept in wide circles through the sky. Ducks and geese moved by in myriads, straight on, delaying not. Foxes barked on the hills at sunset, and the splendid chorus of the prairie chickens thickened day by day.

It was magnificent, and Harold was happy. True, it was not all play. There were muddy roads to plod through and treacherous sloughs to cross. There were nights when camp

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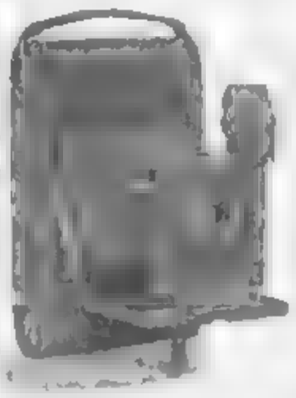

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had to be pitched in rain, and mornings when he was obliged to rise stiff and sore to find the cattle strayed away and everything wet and grimy. Each day signs of the wild life thickened. Antlers of elk, horns of the buffalo, crates of bones set around shallow waterholes and especially the ever thickening game trails furrowing the hills filled the boy's heart with delight. This was the kind of life he wished to see. They were now beyond towns, and soon the Missouri would offer itself to view.

Mose" was now indispensable to the Pratt "outfit." He built fires, shot game, herded the cattle, greased the wagons, curried horses and mended harness. Although he talked but little, the family were fond of him, but considered him a "singular critter." He had lost his pallor. His skin was a clear brown, and being dressed in rough clothing, wide hat and gauntlet gloves, he made a bold and dashing herder. Occasionally, when a chance to earn a few dollars offered, Pratt camped and took a job, and Harold shared in the wages.

He spent a great deal of his pocket money in buying cartridges for his revolver. He shot at everything, and became so expert that Dan bowed down before him and Mrs. Pratt considered him dangerous.

These were splendid days. Each sundown they camped nearer to the land of the buffalo, and when the work was done and the supper eaten, Mose took his pipe and his gun and walked away to some ridge, there to sit while the yellow light faded out of the sky. He was as happy as one of his restless nature could properly hope to be, but sometimes when he thought of Mary his heart ached a little. He forgot her only when his imagination set wing into the sunset sky.

One other thing troubled him a little. Rose plain Jennie was in love with him. Daily intercourse with a youngster half as attractive as Mose would have had the same effect upon her, for she was at that age when propinquity makes sentiment inevitable. She could scarcely keep her eyes from him during hours in camp, and on the drive she rode with him four times as long as he wished for. She bothered him, and yet she was so good and generous he could not rebuff her; he could only [illegible].

She had one accomplishment: she could ride like a Sioux, either astride or woman-wise, with a saddle or without, and many a race they had as the roads grew firm and dry. She was fearless, too, of man or beast, and once when her father became crazy with liquor (which was his weakness) she went with Mose to bring him from a saloon, where he stood boasting of his powers as a fighter with the bowie knife.

As they entered Jennie walked straight up to him: "Dad, you come home. Come right out o' yere."

He looked at her for a moment until his benumbed brain took in her words and all their meaning; then he said: "All right, Jinnie; just wait a second till I have another horn with these yer gents——"

"Horn nawthin," she said in reply, and [illegible] him by the arm. "You come along."

He submitted without a struggle, and on the way out grew plaintive. "Jinnie, gal," he kept saying, "I m liable to get dry before mornin', I shore am; ef you'd only jest let me had one more grill——"

"Oh, shet up, dad. Ef you git dry I'll bring the hull crick in fer ye to drink."

After he was safe in bed Jennie came over to the wagon where Mose was smoking.

"Men are the blamedest fools," she begun abruptly, "'pears like they ain't got the sense of a gray back house, leastways some of 'em. Now, there's dad, filled up on stuff they call whiskey out yer, and consequence is he can't eat any grub for two days or more. Doggone it, it makes me huffy, it plum does. Mam has put up with it fer twenty years, which is just twenty more than I'd stand it, and don't you forget it. When I marry a man it will be a man with sense 'nough not to pizen hisself on rot gut whiskey."

Without waiting for a reply she turned away and went to bed in the bottom of the hinder wagon. Mose smoked his pipe out and rolled himself in his blanket near the smouldering camp fire.

Pratt was feeble and very long-faced and repentant at breakfast. His appetite was gone. Mrs. Pratt said nothing, but pressed him to eat. "Come, paw, a gill or two o' cawfee will do ye good," she said.

Pratt looked around sheepishly. "I do reckon I made a plum ejot of myself last night."

"As ush'll," snapped Jennie. "You wanted to go slickin' every man in sight up, just fer to show you could swing a bowie knife when you was on nirth the first time."

"Now, that's the quare thing, Mose; a peaceabler man than me don't live; Jinnie says I couldn't lick a hearty bedbug, but when I git red liquor into my insides I'm a terror to near neighbors, so they say. I don't well remember just what do take place 'long toward the fo'th drink."

"Durn lucky you can't. You'd never hol' up your head again. A plummer fool you never see," said Jennie, determined to drive his shame home to him.

Pratt sighed, understood perfectly the meaning of all this vituperation. "Well, mam, we'll try again. I think I'm doin' pretty good when I go two months, don't you?"

"It's more'n that, paw," said Mrs. Pratt, eager to encourage him at the right moment. "It's sixty-four days. You gained four days on it this time."

Pratt straightened up and smiled. "That so, mam? Wal, that shorely is a big go."

He took Mose aside after breakfast and solemnly said: "Don't you drink red liquor, Mose; it shore makes a man no account."

"Don't you worry. I'm not drinkin' liquor of any color," replied Mose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mose smoked his pipe out and rolled himself in his blanket near the smouldering camp-fire

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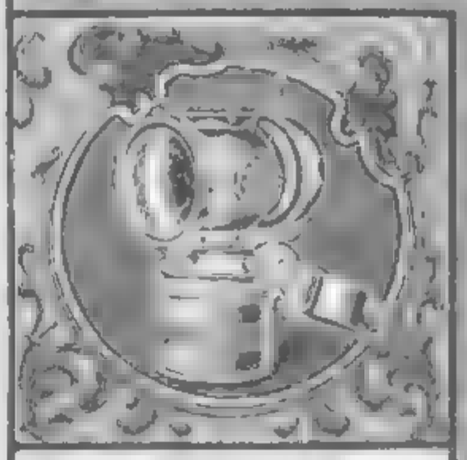

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The Misadventures of a Humorist

Samuel Ellsworth Kiser's first attempt to write "funny stuff" was one of the really pathetic events in the life of this young humorist, whose clever sketches have just been issued under the title of Georgie. Before the eventful day when Mr. Kiser discovered his abilities as a humorist he was employed by the United Press as a telegraph operator and was stationed in the editorial office of a certain metropolitan newspaper. One morning, when the mercury was making a modest effort to drop out of sight, the landlady with whom Mr. Kiser boarded informed her guests, as they shivered about the dining-table, that the man who tended the furnace had eloped the night before with the dining-room girl. The boarders stopped blowing upon their fingers long enough to do justice to this bit of domestic romance, commenting upon the special advantages of June as a month for weddings and regretting their inability to hurl old shoes and other vehicles of sentiment at the happy couple.

The whole situation appealed most feelingly to Mr. Kiser's sense of humor, and when he reached his telegraph table he wrote the affair into a column story which was accepted and published that afternoon. When he read the tale in type it seemed to its author the most immensely funny yarn he had ever read, and he smiled as he anticipated the laughter and congratulations with which he would be welcomed when he appeared at the boarding-house table that evening. As he entered the parlor he caught sight of a dozen crumpled papers in as many hands—and then the storm broke! The fat man offered to whip him because he had said there were icicles on his—the fat man's—goatee when he got out of bed. The young lady who was having her voice trained called the humorist an unfeeling wretch for intimating that her high C had been nipped by the frost; the newly-married man challenged him to deadly combat because he had written, plainly in a spirit of fun and wholly without malice, that a coolness had come between the bridegroom and his bride, who sat in the corner and wept piteously. The landlady, also, was in tears. She insisted that the "funny man" had deliberately ruined the business of a poor widow who was trying to lead a self-supporting life. After Mr. Kiser had been made to suffer the contumely of others who figured in his narrative he was ordered to get out of the house. He went, promising himself that he would never write another line for publication as long as he lived.

On the following day the editor of the paper in which his story had appeared offered him a job as reporter and he immediately accepted.

Mr. Kipling's New Business

"I am probably the only living author," says Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "who is not going to write a book on the war. I think of applying for a V. C. on the strength of it." Yet the war is Mr. Kipling's chief interest, almost his only interest at the moment. He has no writing in hand and is planning none. He sits tight in his little village of Rottingdean in Sussex, with one eye on South Africa and the other on the rifle range which the local volunteer company is trying to secure. Mr. Kipling is very busy in all manner of ways connected with the volunteers, and as he goes through the village in his brown knickerbocker suit and his broad-brimmed brown felt hat, he is consulted by the humblest butcher's boy, if necessary, on any military subject, from the number of hours they ought to drill a week to the merits of Morris tubes used for practice in Lee-Metford rifles.

Rottingdean is an enthusiastically patriotic little hamlet, and on the day when Baden-Powell's little force was relieved it went "mafficking," as they now term it in England, along with the rest of the country. The village decked itself with flags and bunting, no house more gayly than the Kiplings'. The volunteers wasted several rounds of ammunition in a *feu de joie*, and there was a procession through the one street which only failed of complete success because almost every one was in it and almost no one was left to watch it. Mr. Kipling's gardener beat a drum, and beat it hard, while Mr. Kipling himself went gayly behind, and on the edge of the cliffs Mrs. Kipling touched off a yacht's cannon. It is not related whether or not the Kipling children marched in the procession, but it may be supposed that they did, as most surely did the rest of the village children.

Where Mr. Kipling Lives

Rottingdean is a tiny and primitive place, a mere hamlet nestling in a small hollow in the downs on the edge of the sea, about four miles away from the enormous and fashionable town of Brighton. The original village lay about an eighth of a mile from the sea, out of the wind and in the sun—the south coast of England is a fairly bright region. It consisted of a few houses and an ancient little stone church, clustered about a small green with a tiny pond in it. One of these houses, a simple and unpretentious one, belongs to Mr. Kipling, another, across the green, to his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, son of the celebrated painter. The original village supported itself nominally by agriculture, actually by smuggling; and all the old houses have cellars bigger than the houses themselves. Now the village has crept down to the very edge of the sea by the addition of some rather ugly modern cottages which have occasional lodgers when Brighton grows too full and overflows into the neighboring hamlets. There is now an omnibus line between the city and Rottingdean, and on Sundays and holidays come a good many "trippers," a great part of whom are attracted doubtless by the prospect of seeing "where Kipling lives."

A Decision for the "Octopus"

Henry D. Lloyd, author of Wealth vs. Commonwealth and A Country Without Strikes, believes he knows what it is to taste the irony of fate. Before his son had finished his college course Mr. Lloyd had achieved an international reputation as one of the most intelligent and convincing writers against trusts and corporate combinations in America. Although a man of wealth and the highest social standing, he had applied his pronounced ideas of social democracy in his own home, even to the extent of having the household servants sit at the family table. His faith in the power of a consistent example to shape the bent of his son's mind was unfaltering, and he felt that the soundness of the young man's views would be the natural and inevitable result of his home influences.

When the son was approaching the termination of his college course the father wrote him inquiring if he had determined what career he would pursue after his graduation. The young man's reply was brief, but it could not have moved Mr. Lloyd more profoundly had it been pages long. The whole matter was disposed of in the simple statement: "I'd like to become the attorney for a big corporation." This is unquestionably the hardest hit that Mr. Lloyd ever received. Mrs. Lloyd is the daughter of the late Governor Bross, from whom she inherited a comfortable fortune. The home of Mr. Lloyd and his family is at Winnetka, one of the beautiful suburbs north of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Mrs. R. H. Davis at the Front

As the newspapers have pretty thoroughly explained, the women who went to Cape Town with their husbands, their brothers or their cousins, or even without any of these excuses, proved a tremendous bother to every one concerned with the serious business of carrying on the war. They wanted to inspect everything, criticise everything and have an amateur hand in everything, and the result was that the authorities did their level best to pack their fair visitors off to England again. In somewhat humorous contrast is the occupation chosen by Mrs. Richard Harding Davis when she was in Cape Town. Her husband was at the front and every one about her was in a state of hysterical and feverish excitement over the war. Meanwhile Mrs. Davis, with a placidity for which the American woman is not always given credit, was going every day to a school of art and taking lessons in painting and drawing.

Yet when the time came when it was possible, although dangerous, for her to accompany her husband to Pretoria, Mrs. Davis made the journey with equal coolness.

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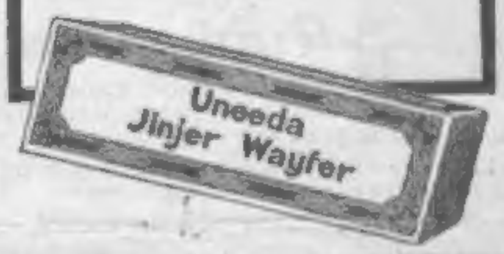

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Tales of the Credit Man

By H. N. Higinbotham

FORCED COLLECTIONS, DESPERATE ACCOUNTS AND FAILURES

A CREDIT well made is an account collected. Or, to vary the phrase, the necessity of making a forced collection implies a fault in fixing the credit in the first place. Of course every credit man, no matter how skillful, has more or less of these errors to revise, but he should always regard them as errors and deal with them accordingly, carefully analyzing all their conditions with a view to mastering the secret of his original misjudgment, learning his lessons from his mistakes so that he may prevent their future recurrence.

If he exercises a constant and sensitive scrutiny of the accounts of his house, keeps closely in touch with all the conditions which surround his customers and affect their business, he will generally be able to detect the symptoms of unsteadiness in the affairs of any of his patrons. Then is the time when his ability as a letter writer and a judge of human nature must be called into action. Each individual case will demand individual treatment, and the best results cannot be obtained through an effort to follow out arbitrary rules.

The attitude of the credit man should always be independent of the financial exigencies of his house. In other words, the customer should be treated with on the basis that when an account is due it should be paid, whether the house needs the money or not. That part of the problem should be always considered to be above discussion. The moment the money is due it belongs to the house and not to the customer, and any extension of time or qualification of the terms of payment should be held by the patron, as well as by the house, to be a special dispensation granted as a favor and not by obligation.

The manner in which a customer makes his payments settles his standing in the commercial world. If he does not think for himself, but depends upon the credit man to remind him that his account is due, he must expect to receive the undesirable classification, "slow." On the other hand, if he invariably takes action of his own accord, and a few days in advance of the last moment when his remittance is due, he is almost certain to retain his rating among the "prompt" patrons. And this need not be taken to infer that he must always settle his account in full and never ask an extension. Quite the contrary, he may more than once make such a request without incurring the likelihood of being dropped into the "slow" class. Country merchants are prone to forget that a partial payment, if made promptly, will often answer the same purpose as a full payment so far as keeping intact full confidence in his moral as well as financial responsibility. His prompt action in sending a portion of the amount due with a concise and straightforward explanation of the conditions which prevented him from remitting in full is likely to be accepted as proof of his good intentions and general "squareness."

Rules for the Handling of Slow Payers

Correspondence with customers who do not display this promptness is a delicate matter and must be handled with discrimination and judgment, the point always to be made, and impressed with more or less vigor upon the mind of the customer, being that a certain amount of money is due the house, and should either be paid or adjusted in a manner satisfactory to the credit man.

There is quite an extensive class of customers who are deservedly rated as "good," but who rely upon the house to do a certain amount of nudging. Many of this class even expect to be regularly drawn on, through the banks, meeting the drafts promptly. In cases of this kind, however, the credit man must take good care not to make the amount of any draft greater than his customer may reasonably be expected to meet. To gauge the size of the drafts and their frequency so as to meet the exigencies of every individual case is a nice task which calls for the exercise of sound judgment on the part of the credit man. One broad principle, however, may be laid down with regard to the handling of slow customers: If such a patron is known to be good and responsible keep him in the habit of making frequent payments, no matter how small these may be, provided, of course, they do not fall below the limit of reason.

Before leaving the question of correspondence and its relation to a sound credit, a word with regard to the mailing of remittances may be permitted. It is a rule of the house of Marshall Field & Company to send out all remittances so that each will be certain to reach its destination a trifle before the date on which will occur the most advantageous moment for the payment of the bill which the draft is to cover. In other words, the money for every obligation is always in the creditor's hands on the day when it will secure the most satisfactory discount. This means that the mail schedules, both foreign and domestic, are carefully scrutinized and constantly revised, so that it may be instantly known how long a time will be required for a letter to reach any city of America, Europe or other foreign land.

If this rule were commonly followed by country merchants, the burdens of the credit man would be reduced to a minimum, for the habit is general on the part of customers, who are of the best class, of *sending* remittances on the day when they are due, instead of allowing sufficient margin of time to permit the payments to reach their destination promptly at maturity. This frequently involves a dispute regarding discounts, and entails not a little annoyance to all parties concerned.

Preliminary Prospecting in Force

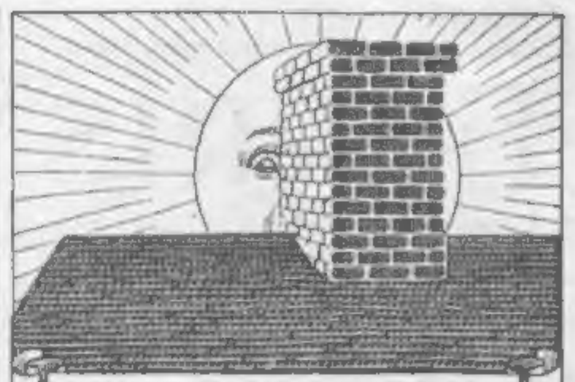
When, finally, a customer fails to respond to patient and skillful coaxing, crowding and manipulating by correspondence, the next step taken by the credit man is generally that of sending a trusted lieutenant to the town in which the customer is located, for the purpose of carefully looking the ground over. This is decidedly an important mission, and always affords opportunity for the young credit man holding a subordinate position in the department to win his spurs. Before taking his departure he will thoroughly digest all the records which may throw light upon the relationship between the customer and the house. His researches will begin with the statement and other documents upon which the customer obtained his original credit, and will include a survey of all subsequent correspondence calculated to enlighten him on the character of the customer and the condition of his business.

The outgoing missionary of the credit department will carry with him abstracts from the information record, and will be prepared to make a documentary showing on all essential points of the account likely to be questioned.

Arriving at his destination, he will undoubtedly find it advisable first to make a general survey of the town, to see if his customer is in the best location to command trade, to observe how he displays his goods, and to learn how he stands with the most substantial men in his community. If the credit department of the house is well conducted it will be in touch with a good lawyer in the town, and—what is, perhaps, still more important—will know the name of any local attorney who is regarded as tricky or unreliable, if the place is unfortunate enough to contain a lawyer of this description. Should he discover that such an attorney has been retained by the delinquent customer, or is generally employed by him, the young credit man is usually justified in concluding that his patron must be carefully watched. On the other hand, if he finds the customer has no lawyer and shows no inclination to retain one, this condition is decidedly in favor of the local merchant, and is generally accepted as an indication of his honesty and good intentions.

Sometimes, and in fact frequently, it is wholly unadvisable for the representative of the credit department to inform the country merchant that the misgivings of the house have caused it to send its agent on a special trip to investigate the affairs of its debtor. At other times it is quite as necessary to let the customer know at once that the collector is in town expressly to adjust the account of the local merchant, and does not propose, for an instant, to leave until he has the money or satisfactory securities in settlement of the amount due.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers by Mr. Higinbotham. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of June 23.



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Making Friends and Customers for the House

As an illustration of the former class of situations with which the collector is frequently confronted I recall a case which came to me early in my experience. I was sent to a country town to investigate the condition of a merchant who had fallen into the habit of slow payments. From the start I proceeded cautiously. I found his standing in the community was excellent and his character good, although he was well advanced in life. He had an excellent stock of goods but owed for its full value, and had no outside property. The problem which then confronted me was so to handle this customer as to allow him to realize the full worth of his goods. To have alarmed him or any of his other creditors would have been bad judgment and brought about the failure of my plans, as I realized he must be let alone and permitted to work out his salvation and do it hopefully. Therefore I went home and began to draw on him, at frequent intervals, for very small amounts. These demands were always promptly met, and in the course of a short time his indebtedness was entirely cleared.

More than once I have been able to make a fast friend of a substantial country merchant who was honest, solvent and capable by lending him money to meet his obligations with other houses, and then helping him to reduce his stock and his indebtedness to us, thereby putting himself on a sound financial basis.

Not infrequently the credit man finds himself in charge of the entire affairs of his customer, acting to all practical purposes as a trustee for him. Once a customer who had been burned out, and owed three times the amount of his insurance, assigned all the latter to me with a request that I do the best I could for him in the adjustment of his affairs. The insurance was collected and his creditors accepted a percentage settlement. This was accomplished without attaching any odium to his standing, and leaving in his hands $1000 with which to make a fresh business start. He is now a prosperous merchant and one of the most loyal customers of the house to which he intrusted the management of his affairs at a time of misfortune. One year after the settlement had been made a neighboring merchant was also burned out and, on the advice of the man whom I had assisted, this second unfortunate came to me and asked for the same kind of aid. His request was complied with, and he now consults me with regard to almost every important move which he contemplates. This instance is sufficient to show that the wise handling of a customer under misfortune is likely to make him a lifelong and devoted patron of the house.

Quite another set of faculties is called into operation when the credit man finds that he has to deal with a customer who is dishonest and intends to defraud the house. Instead of finding himself in the attitude of friend, counselor or trustee, he discovers that he is suddenly called upon to perform the functions of a detective. The phases of dishonesty and sharp practice with which he has to deal are varied and sometimes picturesque and sensational. Generally, the credit man is fairly well content to outwit the dishonest customer and guard the house against loss. The difficulty of obtaining a conviction for fraud practiced upon the wholesale merchant has been found so great that he has become wearied in the attempt to make the "way of the transgressor hard." How difficult it is to secure adequate punishment for obtaining goods under false pretenses, or for otherwise victimizing the wholesale house, is well illustrated by an experience which occurred in the seventies, when the bankruptcy act, repealed in 1878, was in force. Although there are many points of difference between that law and the one now in force, they are certainly similar in hedging the wholesaler about with a multitude of obstacles to the collection of his more desperate accounts.

The Difficulty of Punishing the Credit Thief

A merchant in one of the larger provincial cities of Illinois went into bankruptcy owing us about $6000. He had failed two or three times before that and each repetition had appeared to add materially to his business resources. Believing that he was acting with dishonesty, detectives were employed with the result that the secret of his small assets and heavy liabilities was discovered. In warehouses and other buildings not used for store purposes were unearthed several thousand dollars' worth of goods which this rascally merchant had secreted before going into bankruptcy, knowing that after his assignment had been put through the United States Court, his affairs wound up by that authority, and all his obligations released, he could safely begin to realize upon his hidden store of goods.

The goods were seized by the United States marshal of that district and loaded upon trucks, a caravan of which were hauled through the streets of the town as an object-lesson to the public. Very naturally the merchants of that city were much impressed by this strange spectacle and were highly indignant at their dishonest associate, who had brought disgrace upon the trading fraternity of their city.

It would seem that conviction and punishment would be the quick and inevitable result from so glaring and well-proven a case of fraudulent concealment of assets. Experience, however, taught us differently. After a hard-fought trial, conviction was secured, but only to be followed immediately by the granting of a new trial. This was more bitterly contested than the first, and also resulted in conviction. Then the convicted man was taken desperately ill and an application was made to the court for a temporary suspension of the sentence. These circumstances naturally excited considerable sympathy for the unfortunate transgressor, and the local feeling against him was considerably softened as news from his bedside gave daily indication that he would soon be carried either to the grave or the penitentiary. After a few days of protracted suspense the announcement came that the man had tasted "the mercy of death." His funeral was held the second day following, and in the course of a few weeks his estate, which seemed suddenly to have swelled to considerable proportions, was settled and disbursed.

Not long afterward the "widow" went to Europe, where she is now enjoying the fruits of her husband's rascality *along with* him—for the convicted man is to-day in excellent health, or at least was so a short time since. His sickness, death and funeral were only the finest and finishing touches in the part which he played.

The Type of Man that Makes Trade

The type of man on whom the credit man is disposed to take the greatest chances is the young fellow who has entered the country store as a mere boy when just able to drive the delivery wagon and do the lighter tasks. He develops an aptitude for trade, becomes thoroughly and practically familiar with every detail of the business, and is finally promoted to the position of head clerk, in which capacity he is intrusted with the responsibility of buying from the traveling salesman and occasionally visiting the wholesale house in the city for the purchase of special and more expensive invoices. Finally he reaches the point where his employer declines to advance his salary to a higher figure and the young man experiences an increasing dissatisfaction with the pay he is receiving. Then comes the temptation to branch out into business for himself, and he at length determines to risk the money which has been carefully put away from his income.

This is the kind of tradesman who at once appeals to the confidence of the maker of credits, and for the best of reasons! More than once I have seen a young man of this kind start in with a capital of not more than $1500, and, buying from hand to mouth, change places, in the course of a very few years, with the older merchant having a capital of $15,000 and the indifference and taciturn independence so frequently inspired by the possession of property. The young man was tactful, alert, energetic, and bent on pleasing every customer who could be drawn inside his store. The public, quick to appreciate this attitude, yielded to the common human instinct of a desire to "help the boy along." As a result, the inattentive and unyielding veteran in trade woke up to find that his agile and obliging young competitor had captured the patronage of the community and no longer needed to buy from hand to mouth, as he did when fresh from his clerkship.

The credit man was able to foresee this result as inevitable from the beginning and to govern himself accordingly, giving the limit of credit to the man who had youth, energy, tact and a future on his side—all because the young clerk offered the greatest incentive to this confidence by reason of the fact that he promised to remain for years a safe, growing and profitable customer, whereas the venerable competitor could only continue in business a few more years at best, and that with a constantly contracting trade.

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The Newest Bicycle Track

A very ingenious bicycle track has been newly invented by two Southerners. While not a circle, nor an oval, nor yet kite-shaped, it has neither beginning nor end, and the arrangement of it is such that a rider may travel on it for an infinite distance without ever encountering another bicycler coming in the other direction.

One advantage of this style of track, a diagram of which is shown herewith, is that a long stretch of bicycle-path is condensed into a very small space. At the same time, a continual rotary movement in one direction is avoided, thus preventing dizziness. As will be observed from the diagram, the rider moves in steadily decreasing curves toward the centre, and then returns over increasing curves until he reaches the outer termination of the track. The word termination, however, is, properly speaking, a misnomer, because a loop at that point carries the bicycle back to the place of starting.

The Conning-Tower Improved

A contrivance which promises to be a decided improvement in the make-up of the modern warship has just been patented by Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N. It is an apparatus designed for application to the conning-tower, wherein the commanding officer seeks safety when his vessel is engaged at close quarters with the enemy. Here, sheltered by fourteen inches or so of solid steel, he surveys his surroundings through slits in the armor so as to direct properly the course of his ship.

Unfortunately, under such circumstances his view of what is going on is both limited and unsatisfactory, the slits being small and the conning-tower placed low down for structural reasons; and it follows that his control over the fighting machine under his command is defective. This is why Dewey at Manila and Schley at Santiago preferred to stand outside on the bridge, although by so doing they risked their own lives. It was the same way with the captains of the vessels composing the squadrons on those occasions—they chose to see what was going on and dodge the shells.

Lieutenant Fiske's invention, however, enables the commander to see as clearly as though he were out in the open above the guns and boats, and at the same time to be more fully protected than before. It may be described as consisting of an arrangement of mirrors, one placed within the conning-tower, which is open at the top to permit the passage of light, and another located above it and adapted to reflect the light from surrounding objects down into the first-mentioned mirror within the tower, the position of the upper mirror being controllable from within the tower. The upper mirror is hung on pivots, so that it may be tilted at various angles to the vertical.

The arrangement is such that a man within the conning-tower, by manipulating the mirrors, may see the surrounding objects reflected in the lower mirror just as though his eye were placed in the spot occupied by the upper mirror. To the lower mirror is attached a telephone in such a way as to keep always in a position to be used by the person looking into the mirror. Thus the officer is enabled to maintain constant communication with the "central" on board, from which his orders are transmitted in the usual way to the men at the engines, helm and guns. The object in the mirror may be examined with a marine glass, for the sake of closer view, just as if it were watched directly.

It is further suggested by Lieutenant Fiske that his contrivance may be applied to a turret, to assist the aiming of a ship's guns. In this case the turret would be turned until the reflected image of the enemy's ship appeared in the lower mirror. Such an arrangement would render unnecessary the exposure of the gun-captain and his telescope in the small "sighting-hood" at present used.

An Agitated Infancy

Professor F. H. Herrick, who has had charge of the lobster-hatching work done by the Government at Wood's Hole, believes that a plan may be devised for rearing young lobsters in large inclosures of water, avoiding the overcrowding which seems to be fatal to them. He says that if two individuals in every ten thousand out of the number now being planted yearly should survive and reach maturity, it would be enough to maintain the fishery. The question remains whether so many do survive.

As yet the work has not been continued long enough to offer a satisfactory answer, inasmuch as a lobster requires five years to grow to marketable size. Baby lobsters spend their infancy in swimming about at the surface of the sea, where they are almost inevitably gobbled by fishes or other enemies, and this is why so few of them arrive at maturity.

Lobsters are hatched in glass jars of a peculiar pattern, through which fresh sea-water is kept running. The eggs are nearly spherical, of an olive tint, and about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. In the jar, they are kept agitated continually by a stream of water which enters at the bottom and goes out at the top. At the end of about a week, the period required depending somewhat upon the temperature of the water, they are ready to hatch, and one may see the tiny animal curled up in each translucent shell. By-and-by the shells begin to burst open and fall to the bottom of the jar, while the liberated lobsters, being lighter, rise to the surface and are carried off by a glass tube into a larger receptacle. They look like tiny shrimps, about a third of an inch long.

Attempts have been made to rear baby lobsters in floating cars, through which sea-water ran freely, but without any satisfactory results.

Our Forgotten Money

More than $15,000,000 worth of the old-fashioned fractional paper currency is still outstanding, and, though some of it has doubtless been destroyed, the bulk of it is held by collectors and private individuals. Every now and then some old person dies, and the heirs, finding a quantity of the "shinplasters" in a disused pocketbook or some other hiding place, send them to Washington to be redeemed. Occasionally, too, banks forward quite a lot of the notes in unbroken sheets, just as they got them many years ago. At first these sheets had to be cut apart with scissors, but afterward they were perforated like postage stamps, so as to be torn apart. Not long ago the Treasury received a handkerchief-full of this currency, of the first issue, each note being signed by Treasurer Spinner with his own hand.

About $3000 worth of this fractional paper comes in for redemption each year, and some of the best of it is saved out by the department to be given away in response to applications from collectors.

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